TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 19 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 123

Around Town.

The Citizens' Association is doing good work in stirring up and educating the people regarding the viaduct and other railway problems which so deeply concern the present and future of Toronto. It has been proven by their meetings and the resolutions passed that the citizens almost unanimously favor the viaduct scheme and they are opposed to the ratification of that agreement which will permit the Don improvements to pass out of the direct management of the city. It is equally evident that the City Council, whether because they are too busily employed in minor matters or because they imagine that the viaduct scheme is too big for themselves and the people they represent, are faintly praising the idea but doing nothing to forward it. They apparently believe that the easiest and safest policy for them to follow is to let the railroads have their own way and trust to luck for the future. Had not their predecessors in the City Council adopted the same method we should not now be in the unfortunate position we occupy. The aldermen no doubt sacrifice much for the city and do a great deal of work for nothing, devote much time to the public good, and are frequently repaid by the utterance of unjust suspicions and cynicisms. It is absolutely certain, however, that there are too many aldermen to either wisely or carefully consider matters larger than the affairs of the wards they represent. They are largely used as the hired men of the people who elect them and are so pestered about trifles, so persecuted by those who have selfish schemes to propose, that it is impossible for them to sit down and carefully go over such a problem as the railways have created for us and which day by day they are making more complex and dangerous. Toronto would find it profitable to engage two or three men who are capable and trustworthy to sift the whole matter and prepare a scheme of deliverance from the troubles which beset us. If left to the Council the aldermen will be found to be glad of accepting any settlement that the railways propose rather than be harassed any longer. The joint committee of the City Council, the Board of Trade, the Citizens' Association, Trades and Labor Council, and Harbor Trust, were selected as likely to decide upon a proper scheme. They decided unanimously in favor of the viaduct, but their decision was by no means final and the City Council entirely disregarding it was almost unanimous in ratifying an agreement with the C. P. R. directly opposed to the finding of the joint committee. Our whole municipal system needs revision, but these railway questions are so pressing that we cannot wait until after we have overhauled our whole organization. Why not appoint a commission to decide upon a scheme which shall be submitted to the people? It might consist of the Mayor and a member of the Board of Trade, Citizens' Association, Trades and Labor Council, and one of our judges, Judge McDougall for instance. Expert evidence with regard to nearly everything is already in and printed, and it should not take a vast deal of time for such a commission as I have suggested to arrive at a decision and formulate a scheme. Then let the people pass their opinion upon it at the polls, and whichever way the verdict goes let us abide by it and stand out for it till we get all our rights. Unless something of this sort is done these questions will be discussed until everybody is sick of them, and from very weariness of the whole thing the city will submit to some settlement which will deprive her of that which in future years will be regretted by everyone who lives long enough to see how carelessness and error may cripple the progress of the most favorably situated and prosperous city. It is for this state of weariness and disgust that the railroads are waiting, and unless some machinery is very shortly provided for crystallizing the opinions of the people, the waiting game of the large corporations will be successful.

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The proposal to pay the chairmen of some of the committees of the City Council is a reasonable one, but before it can be carried out, such chairmen should be elected by the people of the whole city for the places they desire to fill. Under our present ward system the scrambling and wire pulling for such positions would produce more vicious results than even the present method of procedure. There is no reason why a man should not be a candidate for the office of chairman of the Board of Works, but the people should know what he is after when he is a candidate and decide on his merits, not as an alderman, but as a man who aspires to a special place. We do not want men chosen by a ward to preside over a body which has to do with all the public works of the city, and therefore, prior to paying our chairmen, we must reorganize our system.

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I see that General Middleton has admitted to the parliamentary committee of investigation that he "confiscated" Bremner's furs, and he gave orders to have some of them packed for himself and his friends. I am not a soldier and do not know the regulations or license of war, but looking upon this from a civilian's standpoint it seems very much as if he stole those furs—embezzled might be a more polite word, or misappropriated. The "confiscation" of the property of an enemy by the general of a victorious force, who represents his country or sovereign in the field, is no doubt allowable when in an enemy's country and the necessities of war demand supplies which cannot be furnished except by seizure. But under such circumstances whatever was seized would become the property of the government, not of the general or his pals. The general in command to General Middleton was magnificent, and the worth of that distinguished officer most insignificant. No matter what the license of war may be interpreted to mean in General Middleton's case, the civilians of Canada must cease to view him with admiration or respect. No matter if his offence be passed lightly over by parliament, I, and those who believe with me in the high code of honor exacted by the military authorities in England, shall expect to see him cashiered by the Horse Guards.

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If the Dominion Parliament votes $4,500 to indemnify Bremner for his loss, of course they will demand that amount from General Middleton who illegally confiscated his property and made no return of it to the Government! Surely they will not add this sum to the large amount already granted to the General.

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I see that a couple of men in Montreal, who were said to be "very English in their proclivities," have been fined for pulling down a French flag. The report in the newspapers says that this flag was flaunting in the street, and that the men were convicted, not for trespass or damage to property, but for "insulting the French flag," for which they were sentenced to six hours' confinement. If this report be correct it shows to what extent the neighboring province considers itself a French country, and it becomes evident that in Montreal there is less protection for a British citizen than there is for a foreign flag. No Canadian would insult a foreign flag which had a right to be displayed, for instance on a foreign ship or over the door of a consul's office, but I am not surprised to see men who were "very English in their proclivities" object to see the tri-color occupying the place of the Union Jack. Unfortunately the English of Montreal, finding it necessary in order to make money, have ceased to be "very English in their proclivities" and have become consenting parties to the profuse and offensive display of the French flag. There may not be much in the flag itself, but as the symbol of the feelings of the people British citizens have a right everywhere to protest against the continual and disloyal displays of foreign bunting on British soil. Not long ago throughout Canada on our holidays it had become the habit to display the Stars and Stripes alongside the Union Jack. The two countries were living together in such harmony that none of us saw in this act of courtesy anything wrong; but after President Cleveland's threat of retaliation every flag disappeared and to-day the Stars and Stripes are seen no more amongst our street decorations. While we were unaware of the meaning of French aggression the English sentiment of Canada made no protests against the appearance of the tri-color, but since we have been convinced that the ideal of French Canada is a "new nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence" toleration of the flaunting of this foreign flag has ceased to be a virtue.

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I was glad and proud to see my old friend and schoolmate, Charlie Dance, M.P.P. for East Elgin, stand up in the Legislature and move for the election of Registrars by popular vote instead of having them appointed by the Government for work done as political hack as at present. Some time ago I regretfully pointed out that Mr. Dance had not been faithful to his ante-election promises in his vote supporting the division of Toronto into two registry districts, inasmuch as it increased the public burden and at the same time the Government patronage, both being things which the representative of East Elgin had promised to oppose. He felt that it was a different matter, but I still think he was wrong. In this latter instance however he has boldly stood by his colors and found supporters in both the men elected to the Legislature by the Labor vote—Mr. Garson of Lincoln and Mr. Ingram of West Elgin, together with Messrs. Balfour, Gilmour (West York), Hess, Martin, Ostrom, Snider and Sprague. Mr. Meredith, as usual enamored of half-measures, opposed it, favoring the election of registrars by County Councils. The Government party opposed both as they are anxious to keep their political trough filled with the swill of patronage. Hon. Mr. Fraser spoke violently against Mr. Dance's amendment, alleging that it was intended to "Yankeefy" our institutions, which of course, is the rankest sort of "guff"; for C. F. Fraser to pose as the exponent of anti-Yankee tendencies is too funny. He talked of the danger of running into the system of elective judges, a ghost story to frighten Tories who do not know how much we have borrowed from Yankeedom. No one wants elective judges; Ontario does not appoint her own judges and could not elect them no matter how many bills we passed in our legislature. Mr. Meredith, however, lost the best chance he has had for years by not voting for Mr. Dance's amendment and pressing his followers to do the same. Now on this question he stands as deeply in the mud as the government does in the mire and his manœuvres as campaign material or to impress the electors with his belief in the people have become valueless. Meantime a great principle has been over-ridden by a grasping and centralizing government and an Opposition which is too small-minded to become anything better than the tail-end of the legislature.

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The difficulties of personal independence in public life are seldom considered. Even those who have felt in their individual case the paralyzing influence of old attachments, alliances, personal friendships, gratitude and the many undefinable ties which hold a man to his social, political and religious moorings, are not ready to do justice to the courage and constancy to principle which must actuate a man who breaks away from his past. Unless the rupture is caused by a violent quarrel or long nourished personal antagonism the divorce of a man from his old friends and allies is an event which follows passionate strivings with himself, the resistance of an army of excuses, the overcoming of almost every impulse. But hardest of all is the putting aside of a desolating sense of coming loneliness when former friends will arm themselves as his enemies with those terrible weapons, a knowledge of his inner past and what he did and said amidst surroundings which to the careless world can never be explained. The argument and self-arraignment of a man before he commits suicide is not more bitter and the prospect cannot be less inviting than that unendurable bondage which frets an honest man for principle's sake into open revolt against his best loved friends. The first thought of those who view his action is that he is an intolerant and intolerable egotist or is selling himself for power or money. To a sensitive man no charges could be more exasperating. To be thought one capable of making a sacrifice of what every honorable man would hold dear, for the sake of personal profit, is galling enough, but to be held as one willing to sever all lovable ties at the instigation of personal pique or overweening self-love is unmentionably painful. Necessarily a man capable of a great sacrifice for principle must be strong, self-reliant and intense. He must be strong or his affections will force such a thought away from him, self-reliant or his friends and inclinations will convince him that he is wrong, intense or there would not be within him that sense of abstract personal duty sufficient to keep before his mind the necessity of action and self-sacrifice. Yet it is almost impossible for a man to offer as an explanation, his sense of duty and attachment to principle. Those who will be the first to attack him are conversant with his weaknesses and ready to quote unheard of misdemeanors as proof that he has no principles. Who is there who has not betrayed to his intimate associates some weakness, perhaps some wickedness? In those moments of candor and confidence before thoughts of an estrangement had come, a man naturally leans on those about him and shows his heart without thought of how the things seen there may be misrepresented and heralded to the world as evidence of his infamy. Because the world demands too much we seek to blind its eyes by concealing everything of which it would not approve, and when we are forced by an act of independence and adherence to a principle, to stand even for a moment alone and as one better than our fellows, with what disastrous force comes the exposure of our worst side! The fear of this denouement restrains the majority of strong men from a stand which they know they ought to take. If the world would be more charitable, even more just, this would not be so. No man is above reproach, no man is equally good in every particular, no man is without serious flaws in his character, and if he be so constituted as to be capable of sacrifice for duty, no one can be more bitter in accusation than he in his heart is in self-accusation.

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If a man did not have to be armed against all these envenomed shafts he would more frequently dare to stand apart from his fellows and fight for principle. That it would be better for society if more men displayed their individuality and adherence to that principle which has taken the strongest hold upon them, must be admitted. While every man is weak in a contest with the friends he has been forced to abandon, that impulse which leads him to such an abandonment is sure to become strengthened if in the preliminary contest the tax upon him does not break his heart. The public should be satisfied if these gladiators who come forward to meet all comers in a contest for the principle they have espoused, are loyal to it, brave and able in its defence. They should not be continually reproached with those weaknesses and deficiencies which may manifest themselves in other respects. Nobody thought of twitting Hanlan because he was not eminent as a rifle-shot as well as an oarsman, no one thinks of reproaching Tennyson because he has not distinguished himself as a mathematician as well as a poet, nor is it usual to berate clergymen because they are not statesmen as well as theologians, then why should it be usual to make attacks upon men who are fighting for one great principle because they have not distinguished themselves by precept or example in the advocacy of some other worthy doctrine?

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Every man has an ideal of some sort,

SHIPWRECKED.

but few are without an ambition to achieve some good thing. Why should we, by demanding impossibilities, break the spirit of those who, if encouraged in their adherence to a single and conspicuous point, might have done or may do much to educate the nation and to effect a reform.

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But among those things whereby we most entangle the life and defeat the efforts of ambitious virtue, is insistence upon complete and unswerving loyalty to all the cries, pretensions and dogmas of that section of the community, religious or political, in which and to which a man has been born or educated. Is there to be nothing in the code of partisan ethics which shall permit a man to have opinions? Are there to be no circumstances justifying a revolt? Is a man who has once been allied with a certain political sect to be forever the vassal of him who may happen to direct the policy of that party?

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I have been writing in the abstract, rather than with any particular instance in view, but the case of D'Alton McCarthy suggests itself to me here. I have heard many mean things said of him by people who lauded him to the skies in those days when he permitted his opinions to be so largely influenced and his actions so generally controlled by his leader. People have asked me what would D'Alton McCarthy have amounted to if it had not been for Sir John, and declared that he had been the protege of the Premier! Even if this be true, because a man has been befriended by another is his personal affection for his benefactor to be insufficient to repay the kindness? Is his fidelity to the one who has been his friend in all good things to be inadequate proof that his favors have not been forgotten? Is gratitude to swallow up principle? Are personal considerations to blind the eyes of patriotism? If Sir John has served D'Alton McCarthy, truly D'Alton McCarthy has served Sir John, and it is his record as a friend and supporter of Sir John in his old days, and it is his present protestations of personal regard for him that such papers as the *Globe* utilize as proof that he is still a Tory supporter of the Premier. How is a man to act under such circumstances? Should he tear himself loose from his old friend with whom he has been forced to differ and feel the wounds of those who say he is ungrateful for the favors once conferred upon him? Or shall he, by retaining his personal regard and affection for the Premier, though opposed to him in leading matters of public policy, leave himself open to the charges of the *Globe*? It is to be seen that the charges of his whilom friends are more difficult to bear than the open revilings of his enemies.

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I notice that at a local political gathering the other evening one of the speakers, in criticizing Mr. McCarthy, went so far as to mention that his daughter had once sung in a Catholic church. Have I put it too strongly in saying that the man who dares to be independent must be open to every sort of criticism, that his family and personal relations must be offered up for dissection, his motives misinterpreted and his best actions misrepresented? Truly, in this present instance, there is no charge made which should make Mr. McCarthy blush, but I consider the man who would drag into a political speech the name of any woman in order to point a joke or make a criticism more wounding, does an unmanly, contemptible and cowardly thing. That Mr. McCarthy is not afraid of any revelations that either his former friends or present enemies may make we all know, or he would not have taken the stand he now occupies. That he has always been a self-contained man is to his advantage, for had he been otherwise we can believe that nearly every confidence he had reposed in others would, in the warfare such as is being made upon him, be betrayed. That he has been a good-living man now stands him in good stead when so many are anxious to expose his past and find nothing to expose. Other public men, however, who have been less fortunate and less prudent in their life, are often deterred from doing the same service to the country which Mr. McCarthy has rendered by a fear of the result of such an onslaught being made upon them. Should not the people of Canada by their criticism and by their treatment of unfair critics frown down these politicians of Jack the Ripper type who are but little better than the bullies and blackmailers who frighten into the payment of tribute men who have a discolored spot in their past? We look at the conduct of our public men and wonder how it is they are so subservient to their political masters, so terrorized by the petty bosses in their constituency, so willing to give office to unworthy people, and we find the solution in the fear they must so often feel of becoming the victims of moral and political assassination. DON.

Social and Personal.

Very quiet has been this last week of the Lenten season. There has been scarcely a ripple on the social sea, for the gay devotees of fashion and mirth are quietly sitting in cosy home nooks, receiving, of course, a stray visitor and brewing as usual the ever-delightful cup of tea, but going out very little, and inviting not all. Morning service has been well attended during the past week and I can fancy the too-gay Lenten girl feeling conscience-smitten on account of sundry unrecognized amusements and trying to crowd into one week the abstinence which others have scattered over the whole season.

Sir John and Lady Maxwell of London, England, who have been staying with friends in town, left last week for New York, whence they sail before long for England. Sir John and Lady Maxwell came to Toronto across the continent from San Francisco. It is nearly ten years since this lady and gentleman left England on the first stage of a wedding tour, which has continued until the present time, and which has led them round the world.

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Colonel C. W. Robinson, C. B., who is a younger son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson of Toronto, has lately been appointed Assistant Military Secretary to His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. Colonel Robinson's regiment was the Rifle Brigade, he retired on half pay some time ago, having seen service in the Indian mutiny, the Ashantee war, and the Zulu and Boer wars in South Africa. This distinguished officer has been many times "mentioned in despatches," and has obtained several medals, he has also held various staff appointments of importance.

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Captain Carey of Rochester, England, is staying with friends on Beverley street. Captain Carey's regiment is at present a part of the garrison in Bermuda.

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A story which has been going the rounds of society is worth printing. It relates to a conversation which took place some weeks ago between a gallant officer of "the British army," who was paying a brief visit to Toronto, and a *debutante*, whose ready wit is one of her many attractions. Said the soldier—and he had been talking rather big of his doings as a sportsman, etc.—"I assure you, Miss——, in England we think nothing of riding twelve miles for the meet." "You don't say so!" he was answered. "In Muskoka we often row six, and then we don't always get it." The joke was improved when the first speaker politely began to explain what he had meant.

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The Misses Baker of College avenue have returned from a visit of two months to Florida.

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Mr. and Mrs. McCrae of Detroit, Mich., are staying with friends on St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. McCrae were former residents of Toronto whose hospitality was of great renown.

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Mr. Frank Spencer of New York, who has been visiting relations on Sherbourne street, left this week for Montreal. Mr. Spencer talks of coming back here in the summer to take part in the lawn tennis tournament for the championship of Canada.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson will leave Chestnut Park for Europe early in May. Their absence will not probably exceed three months and they will be accompanied by Mrs. Meyrick Bankes.

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Mr. William Hendrie, the younger, of Hamilton was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrooke, who have been long absent in Europe, are expected home in May. Dr. Colin Campbell will probably remain in Europe for the present.

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Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt of St. George street have been wintering in Germany, at Dresden. These ladies will probably not return to Toronto until the Autumn.

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The Misses Ashborne of Rosedale have made Italy their home for the present. They will leave Florence before the unhealthy season sets in, but are not expected home for another year.

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Another of the present European colony of Canadians, Miss McCaul, has lately returned to London from a voyage to New Zealand.

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Miss Robinson of Sleepy Hollow is doing the season in the south of France.

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Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, who have been in the north of England for some time, will do what used to be called the grand tour on the continent, before they return to Toronto in September.

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Major Evans of Montreal was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford are staying with friends in town.

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Mr. G. W. Yarker of Beverley street was in Ottawa this week.

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Mrs. C. V. Fitzgibbon is staying with friends in New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. Keble Merritt left town on Wednesday for a short visit to New York.

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The wedding of Mr. William Hamilton Merritt and Miss Simpson, daughter of Robert Simpson, Bloor street east, takes place on Thursday, the 10th of April.

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Mrs. C. H. Greene and Miss Greene, 109 St. George street, left on Thursday afternoon for a three weeks' visit to New York City.

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Miss Totten of Woodstock, who has been paying a fortnight's visit to Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun of Bloor street east, returned home this week.

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The engagement of Mr. P. Macdonald, third son of the late Hon. Senator John Macdonald, to Miss Annie Laidlaw is announced.

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Miss Clara Stanton of Cobourg paid a flying visit to Mrs. C. E. Ryerson of 27 Cecil street this week.

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Major A. B. Harrison and Mr. C. A. Pipon have gone to New York to spend Easter.

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Miss Elsie Armour of Cobourg is staying with her sister, Mrs. Edward Bristol of Huron street.

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Lady Macdonald spent a few days in town this week.

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Miss Marling of Montreal is staying with her uncle, Mr. Percy Marling of D'Arcy street.

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Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth leaves town on Monday for a couple of weeks in New York and the South.

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The marriage of Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald to Miss Mary Milligan is announced to take place on April 15, in Old St. Andrew's church at 11 a.m.

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His excellency Senor Baldasano y Topete, the Spanish Consul General in Canada, paid a brief visit to Toronto this week. By invitation of the Vice-Consul here he met the officers of the Board of Trade at a luncheon at the National Club on Monday. On Wednesday he addressed the Board of Trade on the extension of trade relations with Spain. His excellency is a distinguished looking man, apparently about 35 years old, being the youngest consul-general in the service. He speaks English and French fluently, and has charmed everyone with whom he has come in contact. He is delighted with Toronto and promises to make it another visit shortly.

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Miss Sherwood of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Law on Sherbourne street.

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Miss Nairn of Jarvis street gave an enjoyable dance to over fifty young friends on Friday of last week.

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Mr. Harcourt Vernon, who has been private secretary to the Lieut.-Governor, has resigned his position, and he and Mrs. Vernon leave for England in three weeks' time.

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On Friday evening of last week the Royal College of Dental Surgeons held its closing exercises in the Normal School Hall. Diplomas and medals were presented with congratulations and sage advice. The gold medal went to Mr. Oliver Martin, while Mr. D. A. Black was awarded the silver one. The valedictory address was made by Mr. Wm. Mills. Dr. Wilmot, Dean of the Faculty, addressed the students, as did also Dr. W. George Beers of Montreal.

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The many friends of Mr. Henry Baddeley Cooper, who has been for the last year a resident of Chicago, will be delighted to hear that in consequence of his joining the grand army of Benedicts, he has once more become a Torontonian. The happy event came off on Saturday last, March 29, when at the Church of the Ascension Rev. R. A. Bilkey united Henry Baddeley Cooper and Miss Emma Vermilyea of Belleville in the bonds of matrimony. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper will reside in Toronto. Mr. Cooper is well known in local military circles, having for two years held a commission in the 12th Battalion, A. M.

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A successful and thoroughly enjoyable At Home was held on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. William Brown, Alexander street. Dancing was the chief feature of the programme. The charming young hostesses won the favor of all who were present.

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On Friday evening, Mrs. Guy Warwick's handsome residence on Bloor street was thrown open to a large circle of friends. Progressive euchre and dancing were the amusements. Those who enjoyed her hospitality were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Mrs. Warwick, Mr. N. K. Waddell of Hamilton, Mr. F. Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs Carrick, Miss Rolph, Mr. J. P. Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Dr. Davison, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Badenach, Miss Jacobi and Mr. Anderson.

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Mrs. Stanbury of London, Eng., is visiting at the residence of her brother, Mr. W. S. Finch of Gerrard street.

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Mrs. Hynds of Jarvis street gave a dinner party on Friday.

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The Syndicate held a most successful At Home in Apollo Hall on the evening of March 28. The patronesses were Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. James Burns, Mrs. John Fox, Mrs. Peaker, Mrs. Frank Wright and Mrs. B. Spain.

A Week in Cuba--Canto 7.

The Bahamian Archipelago, according to the geographies, stretches 600 miles from San Domingo to Florida and contains twenty-nine islands, 661 caves, 2,387 rocks and fifty small towns and settlements. Of course on a voyage to Cuba we saw all this—in our minds. When passing the most of the islands on our route we were asleep and the balance escaped notice while our party was either seasick or in the smoking-room. By the way, the smoking-room on steamers which plough and harrow the Southern seas is an evil-smelling and deserted place. It is always more pleasant outside and the voyagers, as a rule, are people abroad for their health and have been ordered to abstain from everything spirituous. I explain this because I used the term smoking-room in a symbolic way. The men never smoked or drank in the room appointed for such refreshment and apparently imagined that they were obeying their doctor's orders by such avoidance of the appointed place. Nevertheless the smoking and drinking went on just about the same, the medical restrictions having no effect save in keeping the Ward Line out of its extortionate ninepence a drink and sixpence for penny cigars.

Our farewell to the Bahama group was dry-eyed and half a dozen hours after we passed San Domingo or Watlings, where Columbus landed on his first trip to America; Bird Rock, with its lighthouse and the long low island below with dim revelations of fishers' huts and haciendas being the end of the chain. Next morning we were on the southern shores of Cuba, and a glorious sight we had of the brown mountains over-hung with heavy clouds, which in the bright sunlight mottled the hills with strange shadows and ever-changing tints.

The chief engineer, who was the handsomest and best-mannered officer on the ship, pointed out the cove where Boss Tweed landed after his flight from New York, and the mean and lonely hut where the champion boodler of the earth resided for the long weeks which nearly drove him mad. A small Spanish coasting steamer—from Guantanamo, a small city up the river, the mouth of which we were passing—met us laden with sombre and dirty-looking Cubans, and this reminded Mr. Engineer of a wreck which occurred just opposite where we were. A steamer, similar to the one we had just seen, laden with seventy passengers was bound for an adjacent port. Everybody went to sleep, including the man at the wheel, and the steamer ran ashore. This incident naturally enough awakened the steersman and he rang his bell, reversed the engine and succeeded in getting a mile from shore before the ship went down with every soul on board. I remembered this episode when a few days afterwards we were traveling on a Spanish steamer, on board of which, I was pained to notice, everybody in charge was drunk, from the demoniacal old negress who looked after the ladies' cabins to the sodden looking Spanish steward who told the only pious man in our party to go to a place the name of which in Spanish did not shock him as much as if he had heard it in its four-lettered Saxon brevity.

In the afternoon we were told that Santiago was only an hour distant. The rocky coast showed no signs of either city or harbor, but all at once a castellated rock loomed up and a little speck on the distant waves was declared to be the pilot boat.

El Moro, the castle at the entrance, is an interesting antiquity. It crowns the mountainous rock with walls which a modern gun would blow into smithereens in two minutes, but the Cubans and Spaniards think the old potato hill a Western Gibraltar. Of course to look at it is quite a delay but as a defence it is silly. The strangely ancient lines of the wall which crowns the lofty cliff remind one of the time of flint locks, bows and arrows and the inquisition; the latter principally because there is a cave under the rock into which the waves roll with a hollow and deadly moan like the cry of a soul in torture. Boatmen, it is said, have ventured into the mystic darkness of the cavern which at low tide looks, so 'tis said by Cubans who ought to know, like the arch above one of the windows of hell, but they never returned—nev-er re-turned. If I had had time I would have tried a return ticket into that black-looking opening and am sure I would have re-turned. Story tells us that insubordinate voters were dropped through some hole leading from the castle into the wet, and one can believe almost anything of a Spaniard for, with many exceptions of course, he is by nature and education the champion robber and murderer among all nationalities. In order to have a murder done cheerfully with neatness and despatch employ a Spaniard and you will be satisfied. He has no ideas of the rights of others unless you impress them upon him with a sword or shot gun. Wherever you find a colony of Spain you will discover subterranean caverns and skeletons and evidences of devilitry unrivalled elsewhere. Italy is accused of a fondness for the stiletto and the poisoned cup, but Spain can discount her in the abomination of cruelty and torture. As the s. Santiago steamer left an gloomy ruin which guards the narrow strait leading inland to the city of Santiago I shuddered, or at least I intended to for it is the proper movement, and thanked God I did not live in the Cuba of the past nor the Cuba of Now, for despite the progress of civilization that old fortress is still a prison, and insurrectionists and common thieves are confined there, and if the secret of the underground passage to watery death is known, doubtless many an accused one slides through it without trial by either judge or jury.

On the other side of the narrow and winding channel is a fishing village, and from the fort signals convey to the city the approach of a ship. Minor channels, leading spirit of the piracy only know where, branch out on every side from the main strait, and it was in these that the buccaneers of old used to hide, sallying forth when the warships of Spain were away and sacking even the city of Santiago itself. As we sailed through the beautiful bay and speculated on the "where unto" of the diverging channels hidden by hills and forests, I almost wished I were a pirate chased by a man-of-war, for a vessel drawing less water than her pursuer could find shelter and sympathy anywhere in Eastern Cuba among the reefs, islets and insurrectionists of her sheltered bays.

The ancient city of Santiago lies on the side of the sweeping hills which encircle the great bay. The harbor is one unequalled by anything I ever saw, it is as old as American history, and the record of the doings on that hillside is as bloody as the annals of Nero. The city sweeps down to the water's edge and the hills are crowded by the barracks and public buildings; the Ward guide book tells the wayfarer that it is beautiful and interesting beyond compare, and the tenderfoot is anxious to explore it. We were all impressed by the idea that we had visited Cuba in vain did we not see Santiago more closely than was possible from where the steamer lay—a mile from the docks. Ships of war and merchantmen were anchored about us, but there was still plenty of room for the whole British navy in that ample and historic harbor. Boats with variegated crews started out to meet us. Some had canopies and cushions, others canopies and no cushions, others had nothing but ugly Cubans and hard seats. I negotiated for the conveyance of our party to the shore. An ugly negro was the first to reach the deck, two dollars a head was all he asked to take us there and back. I told him we were unprepared to pay more than forty cents. He shrieked with laughter at the idea of accepting any such fee, but came down to a dollar apiece if we returned before half-past eight—it was then about four. The sanitary inspectors arrived and drank some brandy and soda with the captain in his cabin, and then it was announced that we were healthy enough to go ashore. An *attache* of the inspection outfit told me to have no truck "with the nigger," that he was *mug malo*, in other words a hard case. He recommended a man who would do the job for us at sixty cents apiece, whereupon I informed him quite untruthfully that the "bad nigger" had already volunteered to take us there and back for fifty cents. He consulted with his client and came down to fifty cents for a return trip. I informed the "bad nigger" and he cut prices to meet the reduction. The humor of the negotiations struck Dr. Rogers and he advised that we distribute our patronage and see which outfit would get us there first. The officers of health, wealth and inspection swarmed about the ship clothed in Panama hats, luster coats, white vests and cigarettes. They all volunteered their advice and warned us against the pirates who were not paying them a commission. They were nice people but unfit to advise. Finally we set off—six in one boat and eight in another, and the rowers did their best to prove that the other fellows were frauds. The "bad nigger" was in charge of the dirty tub in which I sailed

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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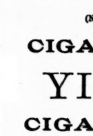
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Boudoir Gossip.

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue."

Possibly it is the old saying which incites in womankind the desire for something new at this season.

Our climate resolutely denies to us spring gowns in their crisp newness, but we cheat the season and risk neuralgia by donning at least new bonnets.

If there was ever a time when bonnets less deserved the name, the millinery of that period would be an interesting study.

The ultra-fashionable head-gear is a fold of velvet, a bow of ribbon and a spray of flowers.

"People just laugh, when we show these," said a bright faced little milliner, as she held one of these dainty crowniess creations before my admiring eyes. "But of course in the summer they will be worn, though they can be filled in with more flowers or ribbon. Down in New York they are wearing a great deal of this dark heliotrope," she went on indicating another small bonnet, "but not so much here yet."

If lightness, delicacy of material, mixed tints and a profusion of flowers with a liberal patronage of feathers can please her children, Dame Fashion will win their approval. Yellow, the spring's own shade, matching her welcome sunshine, is a well-sustained favorite.

On black it is seen in a variety of materials—flowers, feathers, ribbon or lace.

Lace, indeed, is much used. It may be an all-tinsel one, or a tinsel ground with straw for pattern-outlining, or, in fact, all straw worked and woven with a delicacy and fidelity which seems the more beautiful because of its novelty.

Strings are a feature of Easter hats and bonnets. Even the wide-brimmed hats have, in many cases, the added dignity of a pair of strings. Often these are of velvet, sometimes of ribbon, and in summer will probably be a bewitching tangle of pretty lace.

"Lace and flowers—black lace principally—will be as fashionable this year as last," went on my informant. Yellow, green and pale blue will lead in colors, she thinks.

How I mentally thanked Dame Fashion for those last pretty delicate shades—the blue of the sky in summer, the ever-prized forget-me-not, and the dear little unassuming turquoise.

A large hat of shirred white crape, with trimming of yellow, was especially dainty and a little airy for the present season, though July and August may make it a very delightful vision for light-wearied eyes.

A small toque had for a face-fold a three-strand braid of velvet in a soft green. Yellow feathers made a decided but not unpleasing garniture.

A large shirred crape in nile green was overlaid with black lace, while the dark film entered into artistic combination with the rosetted trimming.

A black jet pointed passementerie, resembling embroidery in its decided outlines, was laid over a small brim in a soft, pinkish shade. Ribbon of a lighter tint formed strings, and poked itself up here and there in dainty little loops, while a spray of shaded pink flowers nestled in front, and a gaping piece of dark nothing formed the crown.

They are indeed beautiful, and men may scoff, and the uncertain-aged ones of the feminine portion of humanity may frown, but these bonnets are dainty, artistic and novel. I enjoyed looking at them, and I assure you I have no fault to find with them, except as to price.

•

Doubtless all women have heard those sarcastic remarks which men of all ages are prone to make about bonnet-buyers, milliners and head-gear in combination.

I have borne with these ill-natured "funnyisms" not dreaming that there was a glass house in the vicinity, but now, oh now, I'm armed.

It happened this way: I was walking up Yonge street with one of those convenient forty-second relatives, when he wanted to buy a hat. Would I mind coming in, he asked, as we neared the hatters. I saw fun and revenge in the distance, so consented.

Establishing myself at the door, I gave an apparently undivided attention to the people in the street, while my two ears were busy with the group of three about the large mirror.

"Now, this is what you want! Just new! Splendid hat! Try it on! Ah, that is just your style!"

"Seems too much like my old one."

"Oh no, see here. Do you see that brim. It is different—much smaller. Don't like that? Well try this, or this, or——"

"There, I believe that is better. It fits comfortably."

"Well, yes—that looks well. Here is a different color, though, if you——" and so on. It took that man just as long to select a hat as any woman I ever watched. He had the advantage, too, for he had only to consider shape, quality and color; instead of degree of dressiness, shape, shade and style of trimming.

It helps one to appreciate one's own sex, to occasionally watch the sterner sex do their much-boasted-of shopping; and I am delighted to have spent the proverbial "few minutes" in an emporium of masculine millinery.

•

Perhaps there never was a season when stout women and slim women could dress in equally fashionable and totally dissimilar styles, each suiting her ample or spare proportions by appropriate dress stuffs.

Stripes belong to the stout sisters, for their long sweeps of color lengthen short and ungraceful outlines and prolong curves, until one's eyes are cheated.

To her slim friend we allow checks and plaids, while if she be painfully thin, one-color goods can be dispensed with and light combined colors worn. Drapery is called to the aid of the girl of slight figure, and dressed in prettily-designed gowns with artistic puffs and well planned folds she looks well. We admire no less the large woman who, if she be wise, wears dark colors, strives after simplicity of cut and affects self-colored goods and garniture.

Women do have to consider a great number of things to dress well, and after all, the art of dressing is a life study, and—a nuisance.

•

In dress goods, grenadines and poplins promise to obtain favor, as well as the pretty, soft delaines, with their rich, creamy grounds and scattered nosegays of delicately-tinted blossoms.

•

In a letter from a dear American cousin, she begs me to sometimes think of my thus distant relations breakfasting in "soft grays and browns without the diamonds." Yes, my sweet-faced cousin, you do, I know; and more than that, you lived in Canada once. But do not misunderstand me. I only quoted and commented in a general way, and if I ever find green satin and diamonds on this side of the border, I shall surely let you know.

•

Buckles in silver, jet and gold are engaging the minds of women just now; and many are puzzling their brains to recollect where they put a buckle they used to have seven years ago. They are worn for belt fastenings, to secure folds on sash draperies, and on many of the spring bodices will give an air of newness by holding down short velvet straps.

•

Black cats are unlucky and, in the added light thrown upon Irish superstitions by Lady Wilde's new book, I do not wonder. She says that there was, in the old times, no black cat in Ireland whose tail was not denuded and incessantly and painfully diminished under frequent and repeated mutilations. "Why!" you ask in horror. Because a hair, or a drop of blood from a black cat's tail was a certain cure for almost every disease.

That was certainly bad luck for the poor cat; and I suppose the presence of such a miserable object would bring misery to the household.

CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

On Sunday morning of last week I attended service at Our Lady of Lourdes.

The edifice is striking in appearance, its light color and unusual style of architecture having attracted my attention some months ago.

Inside it is cold looking. The chancel walls are painted a pleasing shade of robin's egg blue, but the purple Lenten altar-cloth, however royally rich in itself, quarrelled with the blue, and the light falling from high windows did not help the matter at all.

The glow of the lighted tapers on the altar was pleasing, and just around them was centered the only warmth of tone.

High mass was sung by the Rev. Father Lawler. In this part of the service regal-hued vestments added their splendor to grand chant measured music.

The acolytes in plain vestments attended with unconfused diligence to each part of their varied duties.

The large audience bowed and knelt as the progress of the ceremonious service demanded.

To me it was unintelligible, but to the Romanist, who understands the forms, they must indeed be dear.

In the sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Walsh the main thread was the necessity of increased attention to the duties of religion. He put before his hearers the not unlikely case of the man who, successful in business, allowed his heart to be filled with business cares to the exclusion of gratitude or, too often, even of pity for the unfortunate.

He spoke of the carelessness which many parents were guilty of. He deplored the fact that numberless children's companions, books and amusements were not known by their natural guardians. He spoke of the tendency to slip away from church and church doctrine, lest the business world or the world of folly might jeer.

The close was a plea for added fervor during this especial time of retirement from gaiety.

Music followed, and soon the large congregation of worshippers filed quietly out into the warm, bright sunshine.

ETELKA.

'Varsity Chat.

During the week Prof. Ashley has been delivering a course of lectures in Elementary Political Economy with special reference to the pass civil polity work of the third year.

•

The annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. for nomination of officers and other business was held on Thursday. Letters were read from the missionary supported by the association, Mr. J. S. Gale, B.A., of Corea.

•

The librarian announces that up to April 15 orders will be received by him for books from across the Atlantic.

•

On Tuesday afternoon the regular weekly meeting of the Philosophical Society of '92 was held in Wycliffe. A paper was contributed by Mr. W. J. Shaw on Theories of Causation, which was supplemented by another on Their Bearing on Hume, by Mr. Griddale. Discussion was led by Messrs. A. S. Ross and G. Gerry.

•

On Monday the Natural Science Association held its meeting for nomination of candidates for offices for the ensuing year and consideration of amendments in the constitution. With the election of officers next week the year's meetings will be brought to a close. This is the period of the year when one thing, and one only, occupies the undergraduate mind—exams. and the shadow they cast before them.

•

A recent number of the *Dominion Illustrated* contained a reproduction of a photograph of the 'Varsity ball team which visited the American colleges last year. Copies of the paper may now be secured in Residence. Those who were well acquainted with the originals will have only moderate difficulty in recognizing the portraits.

NEMO.

A Suggestion for 'Varsity.

Labouchere says: "I gather from a circular letter which I have received that not only did the recent fire at Toronto University burn "the magnificent library, the priceless collections of the museums, and a great part of the scientific apparatus," but it also destroyed a relic especially "dear to University men," in the shape of the state chair upon which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sat in 1861 when he subscribed his name as a student of the University. Here, then, is clearly a chance for the members of our royal family to at once perform a graceful action and get rid of a quantity of the old furniture which at present fills the lumber rooms of our royal residences. It surely would not be difficult to select a whole assortment of chairs in which our princes and princesses have sat, not once but a hundred times, and to send them off by the next steamer, duly labelled, of course, to the sorrowing members of the University of Toronto.

Throwing Away Time.

It was on the rear platform of a street car as a crowd was going home from the theater.

"Let's see," mused a man who was jammed on the railing to the one on his left, "have we been introduced?"

"I think not. My name is Taylor."

"Ah! And mine is Potter. Mr. Taylor, you are throwing time away trying to get my watch. It is an old one and out of repair and won't bring you two dollars."—*Mercury.*

•

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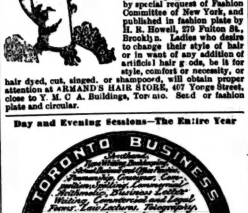

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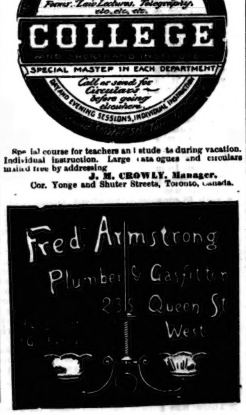

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

A Well-Kept Promise.

The evening came, and in the genial warmth of the declining sunshine, Mrs. Armitage and Maggie met at the door of the Rock Cottage. Both felt strangely happy in each other's society, and no presentiment of coming trouble clouded the joy or marred the enjoyment of the evening till, after an exchange of looks and smiles between the sisters, and several incomprehensible hints and allusions, Miss Harriet announced that she had a surprising piece of news to communicate. She and Celia had been scarcely able to believe their own ears when they heard it, and she felt sure her audience would receive it with similar incredulity. The listeners prepared themselves to be very much astonished. The rector and Mr. Simcox were both of the party that night, and the curate became quite facetious in his guesses as to the nature of the news.

At last, however, the curiosity of all present was allayed by Miss Celia's announcing that the Maclures—the family at Killcraig Castle—were going to spend the next two months on their Irish estate—furthermore, that the whole family, with one or two guests in their train, had arrived that morning.

The company assembled in the little parlor scarcely received this intelligence with the surprise or enthusiasm the good ladies had a right to expect—partly because most of them had already guessed it, and partly because none of them had the same feeling towards the people as that cherished by the two old maids. The rector expressed his pleasure in a grave ponderous manner, and Mr. Simcox was much elated at the prospect of Killcraig galeties; but Mr. Armitage felt as if the peace and quiet of his retreat would be destroyed by the arrival of his sister-in-law's friends; and Mary only thought that now Mr. Armitage would have other companions and their pleasant intercourse would end. She sighed involuntarily; and a similar regretful feeling must have entered the heart of Miss Harriet too, for there was a tone of pathos in her voice as she said:

"You will have plenty of friends now, Mr. Armitage. We shall never see you at one of our poor little social evenings again."

"I don't think I could ever forget kind friends for the sake of strangers," he answered. "These are only my sister-in-law's friends, you know. I doubt if I ever have the courage to go through the formalities of making their acquaintance. Perhaps they will not find me out."

"Oh, come, come," cried Miss Harriet playfully—"to pretend, after your friendliness to us, that you object to seeing strangers, and people fresh from your own great world too! I always wonder at your being so content in our quiet little home when I think how you have lived in London and roamed about in Russia and all sorts of places."

"I could not have met with more kindness in either London or Russia than you have shown me from our first meeting," said Hugh.

The Misses M'Kenny blushed, and Miss Celia replied confusedly:

"Oh, well, on such an evening as that was we could have done no less! And what a pleasure your society has been to us ever since! But, to a cultivated man, such as you are, Mr. Armitage, who has been about in all sorts of places and gathered stores of knowledge, this must appear a very prosaic life, indeed. Our poor old ruins are well enough to look at in their way; but I am glad to think you will be properly entertained at Killcraig Castle, see the ivy-wings open with the brown-holland covers off."

The Maclures' visit to their Irish home was evidently a wonderful event. It had completely effaced from the old ladies' minds all their usual "literary interest;" and the conversation was so frivolous that the rector rose to depart somewhat earlier than the usual hour for breaking up. The company all left together, and, as they walked home, the ladies talked up an opportunity of falling a little behind with Mary.

"Is it not pleasant for you," he asked, "to have the Misses Maclure at home? Killcraig is so near the Glebe!"

"They are seldom here," answered Mary. "We sometimes played together as children; but I have seen little of them for many years. We call and they call, and we are asked to dine—at least, papa is; and sometimes they may ask me up to play tennis, about which I know nothing—and there our intimacy ends. It is three years since any of the family were here.

"There are two daughters, are there not?"

"Yes. I wonder you have not met them in London. The elder is very handsome, the younger wonderfully clever."

"It is many years since I have faced the bustle and whirl of London."

"But an interesting bustle and whirl, is it not?"

"You think so because you do not know it. Yes, of course there is much to interest one; but one thing clashes with another, and there is no leisure even to think."

"And you have been used to such a life, so full, so active, and can bear our quiet ways!"

"Yes, and enjoy the peace and leisure as you do now, Miss Dene."

"You don't think I undervalue my home!" said Mary quickly. "Believe me, I am thankful for all I have been permitted to enjoy—to hears the sound of the outer world and longs to be in the battle."

"Why should it be a battle?" asked Hugh gently. "There are pleasanter aspects of the outer world, Miss Dene. Do you not think—"

His question remained unfinished, for a small party of ladies and gentlemen were seen advancing in the moonlight. The eldest lady of the new comers was announcing in clear accents her conviction that it was quite time to turn homeward. The sound of her voice caused Mr. Armitage to start; and, as he did so, the lady seemed to recognize him, and came forward with an exclamation of delight.

"My dear Hugh, I was just wondering if there was the faintest chance of our coming across you to-night! The people at the inn said you were out."

Mr. Dene and his daughter had stood still, surprised for a moment, and then, recognizing that the other ladies were the Misses Maclure, they went forward; and the rector gave them a somewhat pompous welcome to Killcraig. Mr. Simcox was introduced, and then the Glebe party passed on, leaving Mr. Armitage in the midst of explanations.

"Your note told me you were here, dearest Hugh; so I couldn't resist the Maclures' invitation to come over with them and pounce upon you unexpectedly. We see so little of each other; and little Hugh was wild to be near his uncle, you know. What an affection that child has for you! It is positively touching! Dora, I don't think you said Maclure to your mother! I don't wonder you are fascinated by this lovely place, Hugh!

Mrs. Richard Armitage had been a very pretty woman; but hers was a style of loveliness that fades quickly; nevertheless, though in appearance she was quite qualified to act as chaperon to the two young ladies, her manner was that of a sprightly young sister.

The whole party, including a young Maclure and his friend, welcomed Mr. Armitage with great cordiality. An hour's ramble in the moonlight followed, from which Hugh could not escape, and, before they separated, Miss Dora had made him promise to lunch at Killcraig the next day.

Hugh dreaded the Killcraig luncheon-table with its assembly of strangers; but he was helpless. He wondered what had induced his brother's widow to face the sea, which he knew she detested, and appear so suddenly in such a remote spot. She had said that her little boy needed a change; but his health could have been recruited at Scarborough or Buxton, where his mother would have had far more amusement than she was likely to have at Killcraig. He did not guess that his sojourn at Portcraig was the cause.

Little did Hugh imagine the excitement he had created among the humble inhabitants of that place. If he had come in South Sea Islander in native costume, his doings could not have been followed with more interest. The Misses M'Kenny could not refrain from gossip concerning him; the doctor and Mr. Simcox discussed freely why he had come and wherefore he remained; old Betty Brittle was she bargained over her herrings with Miss Donoher, the housekeeper at the castle, told many stories of "the Armitage family" and who was at war with Miss Mary. "A brave clever mon he is, and Miss Mary mayna' have sae good a chance again."

This report went over the water to Mrs. Maclure's maid, and verified the gossip with which the wife of the Ballyshaun Vicar wound up her letter when she announced to Miss Dora to help her with the annual bazar. Miss Dora had been for some time the "dearest friend" of Mrs. Richard Armitage, who, suspected the young lady of designs on Oakwoods. To protect her "dearest brother" Mrs. Richard would have gone anywhere—and the faint hint concerning some Miss Dene gave her wings across the sea. She fancied she could play off one lady against the other; for she was very anxious that Hugh's marriage with her sister-in-law not have suited her own purse or her boy's prospects.

A week passed without Mr. Armitage appearing at the Glebe. Mary missed him, and his absence revealed to her how much he had done to brighten her life. At last she knew her real feelings towards him. Oh, "what a foolish dream it was—absurd for one in her position! Mr. Armitage was staying now at Killcraig, and Miss Maclure—she was looking handsomer than ever. Only on the previous day Mary had seen them walking together, and had turned away before her presence was discovered. Never had life seemed so narrow and so gray.

One morning Mary took her sunbonnet and slave and went down to the kitchen garden to gather gooseberries for preserving. She was seated on the gravel walk, stripping a bush of its fruit, when she suddenly heard the sound of voices, and, to her surprise, Mr. Armitage entered the garden, a small brown holland clad boy clinging to his hand. Mary rose to greet her visitors.

"Go and shake hands nicely with that lady, Hughie!" said Mr. Armitage.

The little fellow, going beyond his orders, held up his face to be kissed. Mary loved children, and this fair little fellow was very lovable indeed. She made him free of the gooseberry-bushes and raspberry-canes. His first thought was to gather a handful of fruit for his uncle. Mr. Armitage's face looked unusually troubled; but he smiled down at the child as if he accepted the gift. Mary broke an awkard silence by praising the little fellow's affectionate manner.

"Poor little man!" said Hugh. "You you know, Miss Dene, I have tried to act a father's part to him since I stood beside my dying brother, yet how little I am a short time since I forgot his very existence!"

He spoke so earnestly that Mary felt puzzled and distressed. She thought he was blaming himself for some unnecessary neglect of his little nephew. She did not reply, and he continued, in a tone of great agitation:

"Will you be kind to little Hughie, Miss Dene? He has no companions, and the Killcraig gardens are so carefully kept that a child is out of place and gets into mischief. It he might run in here sometimes—

"Whenever he likes," said Mary. "He can do no harm here."

She expected some excuse or apology for his long absence from the Glebe—some comment on the interruption to their last walk together; but he only murmured his thanks for her kindness, and then added abruptly—

"I came to say good-bye."

"Leaving!" exclaimed Mary, striving to speak calmly.

"No, not just yet—at least, I shall be back again—that is, I hope so. Miss Dene, a question forced itself upon me; I cannot leave it in it here; I must be alone to think it out. You know my unsociable habits!"

"Perhaps I do not," she had unsociable. She thought his manner was incomprehensible, and it puzzled and pained her. Never before had Mr. Armitage spoken of his habits in himself. She held out her hand; and, as he clasped it, he called her by her Christian name for the first time.

"Mary," he said, whichever way this question of mine is answered, let me at least keep your friendship!"

He turned and left her; and, as she stood looking after him, a light seemed to break in upon her. Bewilderment and pride checked her eager pulses when the question—

"Yes," she thought—"he likes me; but I am too much beneath him to be his wife. Miss Maclure is rich and beautiful—his equal in every way. He has come to question her self about it? I expect nothing more than friendship from him. Why this pretence of embarrassment? When he came to tell his engagement to Dora Maclure, I shall offer my congratulations. Is it possible than he can for a moment think I could be anything to him?"

The idea brought a flush of pleasure to her cheeks; but the next moment she remembered what the result of such a comparison must be. Hugh was a relief to turn to Mrs. Hughie, who ran up now asking for his uncle. She allowed herself to be pulled round the garden by the eager little fellow, who, when she was gone without shyness about his sisters, who were at school, his mother, for whom he did not expect to have much affection, and, above all, his uncle, whom he evidently adored. The praises of uncle Hugh wearied neither speaker nor listener; and it was with regret that Mary finally saw the little boy safely within the iron-gate of the Killcraig gardens that stretched down to the Glebe lands, and told him to run over whenever his mother would give him leave.

That afternoon the Killcraig ladies returned Mary's visit; but their visit varied in no way from those of preceding years. The young ladies sat in the same chairs, made the same excuses for their mother's absence, and gave the usual invitation to come to Killcraig. Mary felt sure that they had done their duty. But on this occasion a slight variation from the usual routine took place; for Mrs. Richard Armitage, who accompanied them, declared, when they took their leave, that she could not say good-bye to Miss Dene quite so soon; and had never thanked her for her kindness to little Hughie in the morning. The child had so raved about the Glebe garden that she quite longed to see that paradise. Could Miss Dene spare her enough to show it to her? The girls could go home, and she would follow.

Mary showed the visitor to the garden, declaring there was nothing there worthy of Mrs. Armitage's notice. Dora Maclure had been very cross and snappish during the visit, and Mary had seen a little coldness between her and the widow. The girl felt very uncomfortable; she knew that she was being criticised severely; and these smart ladies made her feel her dowdiness for the first time in her life. The feeling became even more depressing when she found herself alone with Mrs. Armitage.

The lady's panegyrics on the very ordinary roses and gooseberries seemed to overdone. Mary knew she was being talked to with a purpose; yet she had not walked twice round her garden before the visitor had forced from her lips an account of almost every incident of her short acquaintance with Hugh. The girl was helpless in the hands of this shrewd woman of the world. Then came hints of Hugh's attachment to Miss Maclure; Miss Dene, who knew and appreciated her, and understand that they were made for each other. From the first moment when they met on Portcraig beach in the moonlight the attraction had been mutual; but—here Mrs. Armitage sighed—she feared there were reasons why her dear brother would never marry. It had been quite a relief to see him depart that morning, for the remaining could only occasion further pain on both sides; and her brother was so humble-minded, he had not a suspicion how dangerous to Mary's girl's peace of mind. Why, even his ordinary manner, when he was simply interested in a study of character, often gave rise to misconstruction!

Mrs. Armitage enlarged a good deal on this theme; and the result was that Mary took too much. The girl did not believe one word of the smooth plausible harangue. She had doubted Hugh's interest in her before; but now he was convinced that he really cared for her; and the days that followed were spent in feverish watching for his return.

Day after day passed by, but Hugh did not come. Mary went about her work, listened patiently to the Misses M'Kenny when they sang the praises of the Maclure family, and bore quietly their many allusions to Mr. Armitage in connection with Dora.

The truth had come upon the dear old ladies with a shock; they could scarcely believe that Mr. Armitage, after spending a whole week at the castle, had left without one word to justify their little romance about Mary and him. It was evident to them that the attractions of Miss Maclure had quite eclipsed those of poor Mary Dene; and in their hereditary loyalty to the family at the castle they could not be surprised at his preference. In their love for Mary they were almost angry with her for not being able to rival the new comer in dress and accomplishments. It was best in any case, said Miss Celia, not to encourage any folly that might have come into little Mary's head; so they tried by incessant repetition to impress upon her mind that the attentions of a man like Mr. Armitage were Dora Maclure's right, and hers only.

Mary did not pay much heed to their remarks. She was counting the days till she should see Hugh again. Her heart revolted at the idea that he considered her position so inferior to his that all this time was necessary him to determine whether he could make her his wife. But, whatever his determination might be, she loved him. Her reserved nature, her strict training, had kept her from any previous fancies; but now she felt the strong bonds, and she was alarmed at the vehemence of this new uncontrollable feeling.

At last there came a clear warm summer day on which, though Mary knew it not, the last page of her life's romance was to be read. It was the day Mrs. Maclure had fixed for a picnic—a festivity at which she did her duty to the neighborhood. Mr. Armitage returned to Killcraig that morning; but Mary felt rather than knew that his mind was made up to

Her Little Sister.

"Lizzie has gone again," said Mrs. Crest. "Lizzie's no sort of use to me of late. I don't know what's come to the child, but she does act to me as if she was bewitched."

Frances Crest set down the blue-rimmed plate she was wiping with a coarse homespun towel, and asked:

"Where is she, mother?"

"Out in the woods, I suppose. It's where she always goes."

"Mother, you must remember that Lizzie is very young. Don't be too hard upon her!" pleaded Frances.

Mrs. Crest was Farmer Obed Crest's second wife, and Frances, the tall, pale girl with the sombre brown eyes and the oval, colorless face, was the good woman's step-daughter, while pretty eighteen-year-old Lizzie was her own and only child.

"But for all that I place a deal more dependence on Frances than I do on Lizzie," Mrs. Crest was wont to say.

"Hard upon her!" she repeated, querulously. "What I'm afraid of is that I'm too easy with her. She has always had her own way in everything. And she takes it dreadful hard that you should be going to Albany and she left at home. I never heard such nonsense!"

A disturbed look passed over Frances' face.

"It is natural she should feel so, mother," she urged, gently.

Frances Crest had taught school for three consecutive seasons to earn the money for this coveted winter in Albany, during which she had promised herself to take music lessons and add to her knowledge of art and literature. For she was engaged to Stephen Ellsworth, and she longed with an exceeding great desire to make herself worthy of his love.

"I'm only a country girl," she said to herself, "and he lives in the city, where he is meeting brilliant women every day. And it would be dreadful if, after we were married, he should be ashamed of me!"

Mrs. Rigney, a distant cousin of the Crests, had offered to give Frances a home for the winter for what service she could render in household matters, and the money she had saved was to be spent in suitable dress, lesson and other expenses.

And, best of all, she would see Stephen Ellsworth every day.

She finished her household task and went quietly out to the nook in the woods where she knew that she should find Lizzie.

And here, with her head leaning listlessly against a tree trunk, sat a lovely girl of scarcely eighteen, complexion like a balsam flower. One hand was immersed in the cool, running water; the other held a crumpled pocket handkerchief, drenched with tears.

"Lizzie! You have been crying!" exclaimed Frances.

The blue eyes sparkled resentfully.

"Crying! Of course I've been crying," she retorted. "Who wouldn't cry, to be left alone in this dismal hole all winter long, while you are enjoying yourself in the city! But I won't stay here. I will run away and go on the stage, or else I'll drown myself in Packer's pool!"

"Lizzie! Lizzie! Think what you are saying!" cried Frances.

Lizzie burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"I don't care! What is life worth in a place like this!" she pouted.

Frances sat down and took the golden head tenderly into her lap. All her life long she had been accustomed to subordinate her will to that of this lovely tempestuous sprite. What signified one sacrifice more or less!

"Don't cry any more, Lizzie," she whispered. "I've made up my mind. You shall go to Aunt Josie instead of me."

"If"

"And I'll wait another year," added Frances, swallowing a lump in her throat. "You shall have the music lessons and the art lectures; you shall see what a winter in the city is like."

Lizzie's eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed. She threw her arms around Frances' neck with a sudden cry of rapture.

"Oh, Frances, you don't really mean it?" she said.

"Yes, I do," Frances uttered bravely.

"But mother won't consent."

"I will see to that."

Once more Lizzie showered soft, warm kisses on her sister's cheek.

"Oh, you darling! you sweet, guardian angel!" she cried. "And I am a selfish little beast to allow you to sacrifice yourself in this outrageous fashion. But if you knew how I have longed to escape from the dreadful groove of housework, and sewing, and butter-making!"

"You shall escape, Lizzie," Frances answered, gently.

And no one ever knew the bitterness of the tears she shed when Lizzie went to Albany.

Mrs. Crest remonstrated stoutly, but Frances held to her own way, and Lizzie's entreaties were not to be withstood.

"Frances don't care," she pleaded. "Frances always was a human icicle. And I'm so much younger than she is, and—and—"

"And so much prettier," quietly spoke the elder sister. "Yes, Lizzie, dear, I know it."

Lizzie laughed and tossed her golden curls.

"At all events I think I ought to have a fair chance," she said.

Lizzie's letters from Albany were full of life and sparkle. She was like a bird let loose. Everything was *couleur de rose* to her. The gay streets were a dream of delight; the opera was actual reality. Her new clothes filled her with rapture; she was improving so fast in music and drawing, and she could not imagine how she had ever lived all those dreary, dragging years in the old farmhouse at home.

And best of all, Stephen Ellsworth had been so often to see her, and taken her out sleighing and to the picture galleries and theaters.

"All on dear old Frances' account, of course," she added, with a spice of merry mischief.

She could not say enough in praise of Stephen Ellsworth. He was so handsome, so stylish; the old Ellsworth mansion was so elegant; he sent her such exquisite cut flowers and baskets of fruit.

And Frances, reading those letters after her day's work of school teaching was over, tried to rejoice in her young sister's happiness.

"Mother," she said one day, "I should like to see the child in her new dresses. I think I'll go up to Albany and surprise her. Lucy Lampson will take the school for a week. Dear little Lizzie! how astonished she will be!"

"Wife, I don't know as we ought to let her go," said Farmer Crest, hoarsely, when Frances had gone up to bed, full of her new plan.

"Why not, Obed?"

"I saw Doctor Jones' son this morning. He is just home from the Albany Medical College, and he says every one is talking of our Lizzie's engagement to Captain Ellsworth."

"Obed Crest, you're dreaming!"

"I wish I was, wife—I wish I was. But it's only what we ought to have expected. Lizzie is as pretty as a picture and as frothy as a bowl of soapsuds, and brimful of mischief into the bargain. And Ellsworth is only a month mate, after all. Frances ought to have married him a year ago, when he wanted her to do so, only she wouldn't leave us until we'd paid the mortgage on the farm and got even with the world."

"But, Obed, what are we to do? I can't tell her," sobbed the old lady.

"Nor I, neither. There's no help for it wife; she's got to find it out for herself."

He let his wrinkled forehead fall into his hands with a groan.

Just then the door opened. A tall, slight figure came in like a gilding shadow.

"I have heard it all, father," said Frances, "and you mustn't blame either Stephen or Lizzie. It—it is only natural. He has grown tired of waiting for me. And Lizzie is very lovely. I can't blame any man for wanting to make her his wife. I shall go to Albany, all the same, and tell them not to mind me. You know"—with rather a forced smile—"people always said I was cut out for an old maid. And—and—we three can be very happy here at home all our lives, can't we?"

But here poor Frances broke down and cried bitterly.

"Don't mind me. I shall be quite used to it after awhile," she said.

It was a brilliant January afternoon—the ground covered with snow, the sun shining with Arctic splendor, and all the streets musical with the joyous chime of sleigh bells—when Frances Crest arrived at Mrs. Rigney's abode.

"Why, Frances Crest! Is this you?" ejaculated the old lady.

"I came to surprise Lizzie, Aunt Josie," said Frances, smiling faintly.

"Well, it will be a surprise," said Mrs Rigney. "Go right up, dear. She is in the parlor with—"

"With Capt. Ellsworth."

"How on earth did you know?" cried the comfortable elderly lady. "Has she written to you about it?"

"Not a word; but I know it all, nevertheless," she answered.

She went up and knocked softly at the parlor door.

"Come in!" called out Lizzie's sweet, soprano voice.

With a sudden quickening of the heart Frances obeyed.

Was that little Lizzie standing by the fire, one dainty, slippered foot on the fender, her gleaming silken gown held up by a slim, white hand, while her exquisite profile was outlined against the ruby velvet of the lambrequin.

She looked more like a princess—a fairy queen. In this atmosphere of change and happiness she had fairly blossomed out like a rose in mild June. And that tall, manly figure standing there in the shadow.

"Frances! Dear, dear Frances!"

In another moment Lizzie was in her sister's arms.

"You got my letter, love—the letter I wrote to you yesterday—the letter that told you all!"

"I have received no letter, Lizzie. I left home early this morning. But—where is Captain Ellsworth!"

"Here—right here before your eyes. Come here, Clarence, and let me introduce you to your new sister; for we are engaged, Frances—Clarence and I. That is my mysterious secret."

The tall figure advanced with a sort of military salute. It was not Stephen at all, but a taller, younger, less impressive-looking man.

Frances bowed in a bewildered way.

"But—but Stephen—where is Stephen!" she exclaimed.

"Gone down to Woodfield after you, Francie. Because he says he means that there shall be a double wedding if there's to be a single one, and he declares he won't wait any longer for you to make up your mind. And now how puzzled he will be, to be sure, when he finds the bird has flown! Are you very much surprised, Frances! You see Clarence is in the regular army; not a mere militia captain like Stephen. He is stationed in Florida, and he was spending his leave of absence with his cousins here in the city; and so, of course, I couldn't help getting acquainted with him, because Stephen came here every day to talk about you, and Clarence always came with him. And— Yes, Clarence; go away now, and get the flowers for the reception this evening at Miss Bird's, for I've got so much to say to my sister."

She dismissed her handsome lover with the nonchalance of a queen, and then showered kisses on Frances anew.

"Isn't he handsome, darling?" she cried. "And only think, I owe it all to you; for if it hadn't been for your sending me here, I never should have met him at all. And we'll telegraph for Stephen at once, and you will consent to be married at the same time with me, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, I will!" said Frances, her eyes brimming over with blissful tears.

His Honor—What made you steal this gentleman's door mat?

Prisoner—Sure, yer honor, it said "Welcome" on it in letters as long as yer a-r-rm.

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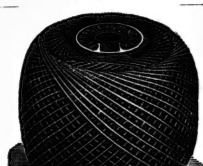

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"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, 'cleipt 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and as pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The Discovery did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is **guaranteed** to do all that it is claimed to, **or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.**

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A Professional Explanation.

Smiley—Glitterin' Angels! Fiddesy; where yer goin'?
Fiddesy—I'm deliverin' orders. Jest got a job officeboyin down to Reek's animal store.—*Puck.*

A Tough Customer.

"I struck the hardest game of my life today," said the agent of a very successful collecting firm to the San Francisco *Examiner*. "I tackled my man for $20 that he owes a restaurant. He's an artist—paints landscapes and portraits—and you see his name all covered with taffy in the newspaper week in and week out.

"'I'm sorry,' says he, stopping work on his picture and pushing his velvet smoking-cap on to the back of his head while he looked lazily at the bill, 'but I can't pay this for a few months yet.

"'Why not?' said I.

"'Because,' says he, 'have a more pressing liability.'

"'More pressing than a board bill,' says I, sarcastically.

"'Yes, a good deal,' says he. 'I'm buying a pair of shoes on the installment plan, and the second shoe is to be delivered to-day if I can make a partial payment. The coin's here,' says he, tapping his vest pocket.

"'All right,' says I, 'but you just give that coin to me on account or I'll sell you up.'

"'Sell what up?' says he.

"'Why, these here pictures,' says I, sweeping my arm in a comprehensive way around the studio.

"'These pictures,' says he' 'All right, my boy, go ahead. If you can sell them I'll be much obliged to you. It's more's I can do.'

"With that he lighted up his pipe and went on painting as tranquil as a summer's day. I admired him and asked him out to have a drop of something.

"'Excuse me,' says he, standing back and regarding his picture with one eye closed, but not even glancing at me; 'I never have any social relations with my trades people.'

"I was faint when I got down to the street."

The Age of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase—I think I'll take that copy of the *Society Scorpion* home with me. I want to square myself with my wife.

Mr. Harry Hounds—But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?

Mr. Chase—Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs. Busby.

Mr. Hounds—But is she down on Mrs. Busby?

Mr. Chase—Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher.

Mr. Hounds—And what's the matter with Mrs. Crasher?

Mr. Chase—Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was married. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to square Mrs. Busby round. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic.—*Puck.*

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SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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Six Months	1 00
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1890. [No. 19

Music.

The concert, the other evening, of the Central W.C.T.U., was a very good one, and was remarkable mainly for the excellent singing of Mrs. Caldwell—who sang better than I have ever heard her sing in Toronto—and for the first appearance of Miss Norma Reynolds, a young aspirant for musical honors. Miss Reynolds, perhaps, may hardly have been at her best, as she was evidently very nervous. She has a voice of considerable richness of quality, and has evidently a nice perception of the artistic side of her songs, but her voice is hardly equalized, while her method is rather fitful in its characteristics.

•

Of course everybody went to the Grand last week to hear The King's Fool, and I think that equally of course everyone was disappointed. The music is sadly common-place, and the performers were sadly more so. Then, oh! that orchestra! A first violin and a flute were the additions thereto brought by the company, and these were good in their way, but the general playing was slovenly and careless. The orchestration is peculiar, more than usual of the work being given to the wind parts. This produced a considerable scramble. Much of this higgledy-piggledy playing was due to the conductor, who was evidently not by any means a martinet.

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The chorus was just as loose in its methods as was the orchestra, the widest divergence between both and between their respective members being frequently noticeable in both time and tune. There was no precision or crispness and very little shading. The lady that sang the part of Prince Julius had a pretty voice and sang well. She was the only one. Felisa had one of the smallest pipes I have heard on the stage, and Yvonne looked in agony whenever she sang. The colonel was better and was a good singer with rather a worn voice. Mr. Hartmann, who played the title-role, is a clever comedian, and sang his song, These Words No Shakespeare Wrote, with unction and humor. The dresses were good and the scenery was very fine. The fencing ladies created quite an interest and a cleverly designed march by the ladies of the chorus was one of the strongest features of the opera. I did not hear the Gypsy Baron, but I hear from all sources a very much better opinion than that earned by The King's Fool.

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On Monday evening the authorities of the Conservatory of Music gave a concert in aid of the Reference Musical Library of that institution, at Association Hall. The attendance was poor, bearing out the remarks I made in this column some time ago concerning the bad effect of the free concerts given by such institutions. The crowds who have attended the free performances should have shown their gratitude by turning out upon Monday evening and paying their fee for admission, but—they didn't! The programme was a generous one in the matter of length, and from its variety was very interesting. Weber's Jubel overture was played on two pianos by Mrs. J. L. Nichols and Misses Dallas, Gordon and Haight, with excellent precision (an occasional wavering excepted) and with considerable vigor. This was followed by Mr. Harrison's musicianly playing of the Allegretto and Allegro Vivace from Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 4. This was the first opportunity I have had of hearing this organ, and I must confess to a sense of disappointment. A liberally equipped instrument, as it is, should show its various tone qualities much more clearly than this one does, and the full organ has no greatness or weight in it. This may be the fault of the room with its curiously constructed ceiling, or it may be due to the boxing up of the instrument in the alcove.

•

The Conservatory string quartette, composed of Mr. J. Bayley, Mr. F. Napolitano, Sig. D'Auria and Mr. G. Dinelli, played several pieces, but I must reluctantly confess that their playing was hardly excellent. Perhaps more rehearsing and a goal a little further in the future may produce better results. Mr. Tripp gave a clear rendering of the G Minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis gave a thoughtful performance of Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Mrs. Bradley sang the Softly Sighs aria from Der Freischuetz with taste and judgment, and acceptable renderings of songs were given by Miss Carrie Chaplin, Miss Eva N. Roblin, and Mr. J. L. O'Malley, pupils of the institution. Mr. E. W. Phillips' excellent rendering of the Damascus March closed the concert.

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Considerable interest has been felt by musical people in the rumors which have reached us through the papers of Lord Knutsford's opinion that Trinity College, Toronto, had exceeded its powers in granting musical degrees in England. For some months there has been discussion, more or less acrimonious, in the English musical papers on the subject, the friends of the Old Country universities claiming that the Trinity degrees did not call for enough scholarship, both musical and general. The protest upon which the Colonial Secretary is said to have expressed his opinion is a new phase in the matter and shows that the Englishmen are fighting it out on a new line. The fact of the matter is that the universities feel that in one department, at all events, they were being left behind owing to the great popularity of the Trinity degree, and something had to be done. The well-known conservatism of such institutions would not permit them to meet the popular demand, but the people must cut their coats to the pattern given out by the university and according to that alone. Generally speaking, the British universities require a year's residence and a considerable section of the arts course to be undertaken by a candidate for a musical degree, all of which implies the investment of time and money outside of music. Trinity College, offering to examine in England on musical subjects alone, naturally meets the wants of those who are not inclined to acquire their knowledge sumptuously. The question whether a musician is well enough educated to pass certain examinations in classics and the 'ologies, and whether he is wealthy enough to pass a year in residence is hardly the one which should be determined by a musical degree, yet that is what the British degrees mean.

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After all, the main question concerning a musical graduate is the one of musical scholarship, and many worthy British musicians, splendidly equipped with professional knowledge, now wear a Mus. Bac. degree from Trinity, which, owing to pecuniary circumstances or the surroundings of young manhood, would ever have been denied them by the Old Country universities. A peculiar feature of the matter is that both Sir G. A. Macfarren and Sir Herbert Oakeley, the professors of music at Cambridge and Edinburgh respectively, wrote to Trinity expressing the heartiest approval of the idea of the English examinations by that university. The degrees of the English universities were practically unsought for, as the Cambridge calendar of 1885 showed only four Mus. Bac's and five Mus. Doc's. Any outcry against the Trinity degrees is baseless, as the examinations are severe enough to be a thoroughly correct and proper test of the candidates' musicianship. In the last three years one hundred and eleven candidates in England and Canada went up for their final examinations for Mus. Bac.—a number which naturally represents a much larger party of applicants for the two previous examinations—and of this number only fifty-four obtained degrees. The Trinity degree is an honest one, and should be fraternally recognized in England. There are plenty of humbugging institutions out there, which have no other reason for their existence than that of furnishing cheap initial tails to be paraded before an innocent unsuspecting public. Let the English universities turn their guns on these parasites.

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I have received a program ne of the piano recital for graduation given at the New England Conservatory by Miss M. Irene Gurney. It shows a wide versatility, containing as it does, the Beethoven quartetto, op. 15, for piano, violin, viola and cello; Schumann's At Night, and nocturne op. 23; the Schubert-Liszt Soirees de Vienna; Prize Song from Meistersinger, Wagner-Bendel; Macdowell's Witches' Dance and Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise for piano and cello. Miss Gurney has studied under Mr. Carl Faelten.

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The Buffalo correspondent of the *American Musician*, Mr. F. W. Riesberg, speaks in the highest terms of a recent performance in that city of Miss Nora Clench, and adds that she "has a future in store for her, if she gets away from the provincial backwoods of unappreciative Canada." This jingles well, but this young German, who recently left the "provincial backwoods of unappreciative Era, Pa., to settle in metropolitan Buffalo, does not quite know everything. First of all, Miss Clench is appreciated wherever she has been in Canada—and no one more so, and for this gentleman to sneer at Canada's artistic condition while living in a country that appreciates, supports, and goes into ecstacies over the atrocities that we see and hear at our theaters as specimens of American art, is deliciously naive. Probably his idea of unappreciative Canada is derived from his memory of the reception accorded him when he played here some four years ago.

•

The great Von Bulow concert takes place on Monday evening. Students of the piano cannot possibly do themselves greater good than by taking score and pencil to this concert and reading, marking, learning and inwardly digesting. The programme is as follows:

I.

Mozart (1756-1791) Fantasie and Fugue C major.
J. S. Bach. (1685-1750).
(a) Sarabande F major.
(b) Concerto in the Italian style.
Beethoven—Sonata appassionata op. 57.

II.

Joachim Raff (1822-1882)—Suite E minor op. 72, composed 1855.
(Prelude—Menuet—Toccata—Romance—Fugue).
Chopin (a) Nocturne, op. 9, No. 3.
(b) Impromptu, op. 36, F sharp.
(c) Scherzo, op. 39, C sharp minor.
(d) Berceuse, op. 57.
Liszt (1811 1835).
Venezia e Napoli, Canzone e Tarantella.

Herr Von Bulow will be assisted by Miss Anna Smith, a young Norwegian soprano, who has received very favorable mention from the principal American papers, when she sang at the Thomas orchestral concerts.

•

I have received the following letter which voices in its general tone the feeling of many professional instrumentalists that I have lately spoken to. METRONOME.

DEAR METRONOME,—Why is Toronto without a first-class professional orchestra? is a question I have often asked myself, and it has been revived from time to time, especially while listening to the orchestra employed at the late Choral Society concerts. Of course, what is wanted cannot be had in an instant, but by proper means it could be put in very good shape by the opening of next season. The material should be well chosen. If a professional orchestra I do not exactly mean that all those who claim to be professional musicians can take part, for there should be a standard adopted, and all those who become attached should come up to, or, better still, be more proficient than that standard demands. This city enjoyed the music of a very good orchestra some six years ago and there are better facilities to-day for having such an organization than then. That orchestra numbered from thirty to forty men, and all those who attended its concerts can remember the excellent music it rendered, many of the numbers being works of the great masters. The papers of that day spoke of its efforts in the very highest terms; also A. Vianesi, who visited our city with an opera company and had occasion to use the orchestra above alluded to, although the time only permitted a single rehearsal, said: "The orchestra was not only composed of good artists, but also of true gentlemen." Of course to put into organization such a society not only requires a conductor but also the right party to concentrate forces, one having the qualifications requisite to manage them (so that the conductor can devote those duties that devolve on him to make a success of the same), besides a good sound executive is needed, and all these must be found in unison, and that must be looked after from the very start, for without unison there cannot be success. As Mr. Thomas Claxton was at the head of the orchestra alluded to above as its principal, those intending to form such an organization as here outlined might do well to give some consideration to the value of having practical experience when selecting a ruler or manager, in this, however, they must use their judgment so as to procure the very best man available to fill the position, remembering to select workers in the interests of the organization as there will be work to do and plenty of it. Then as to a conductor I would suggest Sig. D'Auria. To me he seems the very best man for such a work as all those who were at the concert given by the Choral Society on January 30th last can remember the qualifications he had for orchestral work while conducting the second part of the concert, which was the rendering of The Sea King's Bride, his own composition. All we want to effect such a society as here described is that we give a general rally of our professional musicians, and I would further say, as I am fully aware that there are bickerings among some of you, put all this ill feeling out of your hearts and take a stand in this work; let it be open to everyone, be it gentleman or lady, that has the requisite qualifications.

What is there to hinder the Toronto Orchestral Association from taking this matter in hand, as I see by the February issue of the *Musical Journal*, that they are in a flourishing condition both as to membership and finances, for unless they do something they are a lifeless organization indeed. As no doubt it has among its members the majority of the profession let it once be aroused and it will soon have in its membership every person that is a competent player belonging to the city.

Speak of this matter, and, if you do what is here outlined, you can form a professional orchestra that will be an honor to the city and to yourselves, and rest assured you will surely get support. [Signed], APOLLO.

NOTES.

Saint-Saens' new opera Ascanio was produced in Paris on March 21, and is spoken of as a great work. The principal characters were taken by two American ladies, Misses Adiny and Eames.

Edward Lloyd is now in America, and makes his first appearance to-morrow with the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist, has published an exhaustive essay on Tobacco and the Voice. After going minutely into the pathological effect of tobacco he sums up by saying: "I believe that most people can smoke in moderation without injury, and that to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative," and adds the somewhat trite addition that "excess is injurious."

The advance sale for sixteen performances in New York of the Abbey Italian Opera amounted to $120,000 which means that the whole receipts will exceed $200,000.

Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber, who is a wealthy enthusiast in the cause of music, who does not confine her enthusiasm to talking and who launched the original American Opera Company into being at tremendous cost to herself—has been doing a most patriotic and laudable act. She recently gave a concert in Washington, at which none but the works of American composers were performed. The soloists were Miss Eleanor Everest, Miss Maud Powell, and Mr. Arthur Whiting, all Americans.

The Drama.

On Monday night Mr. Frank Mayo and company appeared at the Academy of Music in a play entitled Nordeck. Nordeck is a romantic play, the scheme of which is attached to the stirring history of Poland, about a century ago. The plot contains many strong and effective points, but is very much cumbered with extrinsic incident, which has a decidedly weakening effect. The development of the various characters is also of a very loose nature. The result is that the play, while possessing the elements of a powerful drama of the first class, lacks the boldness and firmness and chaste simplicity which denote the work of a master hand. Waldemar Nordeck and Prince Leo Zuliski are half-brothers and sons of the Princess Zuliski. The mother favors Zuliski, her second son, and has had him gently nurtured. Waldemar has been reared by his uncle, a rough, uncouth man who brings the boy up to be like himself, darring and rough. Both the brothers fall in love with the Countess Wanda. She prefers Waldemar, but they become estranged on account of a trifle which he, with the proverbial blindness of "those who will not see," fails to understand. He goes away with the idea that Wanda is betrothed to his half brother and betakes himself to a university. Later on he returns to find his mother and half brother plotting with a gang of ruffians to raise a rebellion in Poland. This plan he frustrates, shows his mother the utter worthlessness of the men with whom she is dealing, pardons all her hostility to him and so impresses her with the greatness of his soul and the nobility of his nature that she turns and becomes his staunchest ally. This is but fuel to Leo's hate and he plots to kill his brother, but through a mistake of the assassin he himself gets his death wound from the ball he meant for Waldemar. The mista between Waldemar and Wanda are then rolled away and everything comes to a proper conclusion.

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There is a skeleton here capable, I think, of being clothed with a form which, endowed with the spark of genius, would make a deep and unfading impression. The elements out of which great plays have been constructed are here—perfected materials of feeling, love, jealousy, hate, suspense, hope and despair. Here is room for characterization that might be heroic, but at present is not. Still, with all its rather tawdry trappings, Nordeck does not so flagrantly transgress the unities as to be utterly without interest. One can easily endure the claptrap for the sake of the genuine feeling that permeates the play throughout. Mr. Mayo is deserving of credit for his careful interpretation of the character of Waldemar. In some of the situations, notably the scene with his mother in the fourth act, his work is strong and impressive. He lacks the magnetic qualities of a great actor and his voice is inclined to be monotonous. Miss Marie Burress is a beautiful woman with a slender and remarkably graceful figure. She looks the part of the Countess Wanda to perfection and plays it with much spirit and feeling. Miss Mary Le Vere as the Princess Zuliski has not much to recommend her but her tragic voice and her majestic presence. If she could control her merriment when reading work in unison, and that must be looked after from the very start, for without unison there cannot be success. As Mr. Thomas Claxton was at the head of the orchestra alluded to above as its principal, those intending to form such an organization as here outlined might do well to give some consideration to the value of having practical experience when selecting a ruler or manager, in this, however, they must use their judgment so as to procure the very best man available to fill the position, remembering to select workers in the interests of the organization as there will be work to do and plenty of it. Then as to a conductor I would suggest Sig. D'Auria. To me he seems the very best man for such a work as all those who were at the concert given by the Choral Society on January 30th last can remember the qualifications he had for orchestral work while conducting the second part of the concert, which was the rendering of The Sea King's Bride, his own composition. All we want to effect such a society as here described is that we give a general rally of our professional musicians, and I would further say, as I am fully aware that there are bickerings among some of you, put all this ill feeling out of your hearts and take a stand in this work; let it be open to everyone, be it gentleman or lady, that has the requisite qualifications.

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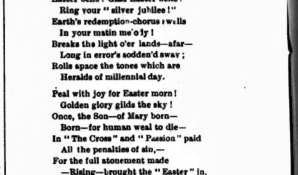

Easter Bells.

For Saturday Night.

Easter bells! Glad Easter bells!
Ring your "silver jubilee!"
Earth's redemption-chorus swells
In your matin me'o ty!
Breaks the light of her lands—afar—
Long in error's sodden'd sway;
Rolls apace the tones which are
Heralds of millennial day.

Peal with joy for Easter morn!
Golden glory gilds the sky!
Once, the Son—of Mary born—
Born—for human weal to die—
In "The Cross" and "Passion" paid
All the penalties of sin,—
For the full atonement made
—Rising—brought the "Easter" in.

Ring, sweet bells! Ring hope and peace
Unto all who hear your chime!
Bid the restless wayings cease!
Quell the turbulent sorrow time!
Free the right and leash the wrong!
Laud the truth, and on your wings
Bear her Easter triumph-song,
Till the world its homage brings!

Easter Bells! Glad Easter Bells!
Ring in Shiloh's promised day!
All your rhythmic pealing tells
Of His universal sway.
Ring the risen Easter-King,
By whose grace the heavens are free!
Soon your silver tongues shall sing
Easter "Gol ien Jubilee."

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

THE ELMS, TORONTO.

A Memory.

(HOLY WEEK, 1889.)

For Saturday Night.

Together we walked 'neath a lear night sky,
Where only the strong stars gleamed and burned,
For the lesser lights were in dimness urned
(As we walked along, just you and I)
By the Paschal moon.

From the distance we heard the waters roar
As they tumbled over the falls afar
Ere they rippled across the sandy bar,
Just as they've run since the evermore
'Neath the Paschal moon.

And our thoughts flew back to that Eastern land
Where, ages since, rose a people's roar
Whose memory dims oh! evermore
So long as Time and the Church do stand
'Neath the Paschal moon.

For there our Saviour betrayed is seen;
The sorrowful man, the one despised,
Rejected of man, to be sacrificed;
Ah! woful sight of sights that have been
'Neath the Paschal moon.

The river rolls on to the ocean deep,
The stars move on in their stately mien,
From month to month comes the moonlight's sheen
And ever the Holy Church doth weep
'Neath the Paschal moon.

O, Christ! do Thou bring us our race well run,
To that dear glad land of joys ever bright
Where Thou, O, our Sun, art true light of light,
Where's no need of stars, no need of sun,
Nor of Paschal moon.

—SNAX.

The Joy of the Book Lover.

I look around the walls with eager eyes,
And many friends of dear old time behold;
Some decked in all the glories of fine gold,
And come in clothing beggars would despise;
Yet these, as worthiest my love, I prize,
For when to me the whole world seem'd in cold,
Or down my cheeks the tears flow uncontrol'ed,
I know that solace in their pages lies.

For not in books in full morocco bound,
Calf extra, or pure vellum snowy white,
Is sweetest consolation by me found;
But rather in the ragged, dust-stained tomes,
Abominations to artistic sight,
That save on my poor shelves would ne'er find homes,

I ope a book at hazard, as I stand
With raptured gaze beside my crowded rows,
And such the charm its genius o'er me throws
That soon my little book room doth expand
Into illim'itable space, where banned
Is every vestige of Life's cares and woes;
The sun of happiness upon me glows
As I peruse the volums in my hand.

And thus it often is: my soul is borne,
On Fancy's wings, to realms of Love and Light,
Where perfect peace holds it in glad repose;
And ere its leaves unconsciously I close,
Again I learn that e'en to those who mourn,
The darkest, dreariest days may seem most bright

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

At Last

All night long I waited, I listened,
Then the glimmer of morning came.
Over the east a grey light glistened,
Grew to a flicker of opal flame.
Stars died out, and the dark clouds breaking
Rolled and rifted in rosy glare—
Blue skies laughed to the world awaking,
The sun shot up, and the Day was there!

All life long I have listened and waited,
Longed for a footstep that never came;
Storms and darkness my soul had fated,
Following after a shadowy fame.
Dreams and shades with the night-time scatter;
Radiant truths with the dawn appear—
Winter daylight is short—what matter?
Light's eternal now Love is here!

A Poor Man.

Lawyer—You say deceased was a poor man? Witness—Yes, sir; very poor.
Lawyer—Had you ever been inside of his house?
Witness—No sir, but I knew that he kept seven dogs.—*The Jury.*

The Power of the Press

"I don't want that young fellow to come around here any more," her father gave out decisively.

"All right, father. He is only a newspaper reporter, and——"

"A reporter! Oh, well, in that case I don't think it's any use. In the first place it wouldn't do any good, and we'd only be having him coming down the chimney or through the window, so I guess we had better yield gracefully."

And than evening she told him it was a pleasure to them both to acknowledge the great power of the press.

Noted People.

Miss Kate Field says that her new paper, *Washington*, is succeeding beyond her expectations. She will not give up lecturing, however.

Garibaldi's sons and all his relatives are living in Italy, and, though none of them are wealthy, they are well provided for and highly honored.

The largest owner of real estate in the State of New York, except the Astor and Rhinelander families, is said to be Miss Mary G. Pinckney. She is seventy-three years old.

Princess Victoria of Prussia, who is to receive an allowance of forty thousand dollars a year to live in England, has been on bad terms with her brother, the emperor, for several years.

Miss Eliza Cook, in her will, which was probated in England a few weeks ago, expresses her earnest wish that no information be given to any one for the purpose of compiling memoirs of her life.

Will Carlton gives an amusing description of his first attempt at poetry. It was a letter in rhyme, to his sister, and intended to show her that, although she had written some for magazines, she did not possess "all the afflatus of the family."

Nellie Bly is a charming little personage, with a pet aversion for her own sex, and an almost insane desire to be known as "one of the boys." It is rumored that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Metcalfe, one of the editors of that bright little sheet called *Life*.

United States Postmaster-General Wanamaker is seen frequently riding at a gentle amble a nice little mouse-colored horse, while Secretary Tracy bestrides in a stately, old-fashioned way a superb thoroughbred, which he brought with him from his farm in Western New York.

Mlle. Clementina de Vere, the soprano, has accepted a position in Dr. Paxton's church, where she will receive four thousand five hundred dollars a year, or one hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents each Sunday. This is the largest salary ever paid to a choir-singer in America or Europe.

Mme. de Mendonca, wife of the Brazilian member of the Pan-American delegation, talks politics, as well as weather, in the best of English. She is pronounced by strangers "a perfect type of Spanish beauty." Both her beauty and her English are indigenous, however, as she was born in Maine, of generations of Yankee ancestors.

Representative Charles H. Gibson, of Maryland is considered the handsomest member of the lower House of Congress. He is also the best terrapin cook in Washington. He obtained his recipe from an old colored woman near his Maryland home. He is always glad to exercise his skill, and refuses to give the public his secret.

George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, lives in a neat three story frame building, ten minutes' walk from the railway station of Livingston, Staten Island. He has spent most of his life in the country and takes two or three hours' open air exercise. He is at his desk from nine till three, and generally for an hour in the evening.

Louise Abbema, whose latest hit is a portrait of Sara Bernhardt, is one of the French women who have adopted man's attire, in part. She wears a coat and waistcoat, scarf and collar in the most approved cut, though her waistcoats are a departure on account of texture, many being of exquisite brocade. The favorite one at present is a Louis XVI. brocade, with tiny shaded flowers on a cream ground.

A friend of Robert Bonner's tells how the founder of the New York *Ledger* tested the manuscripts submitted to him. He imagined an old lady, with three daughters. He tried to think of the girls aged twenty, fifteen and twelve, coming in Wednesday evening from prayer meeting; and, if he thought that their mother could read the story to them in the presence of their father, he accepted it.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, the biographer and friend of the late Miss Alcott, lives at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. Her house stands against a background of old forest trees. Climbing the stairs from the wide hall, one reaches Mrs. Cheney's private den, a cheerful little room overlooking the fields and a bit of wood. On the shelves are her favorite books, while casts from the antique and unfinished sketches by her late husband adorn the room.

The Prince of Wales went down to Sheerness the other day, wearing a uniform which is but seldom seen in public. There are, indeed, only seven other individuals who are entitled to wear it. One is the Emperor of Germany, one is about to enter his hundredth year, and three are over eighty. The uniform is that of an Admiral of the Fleet, and it is very handsome and very gorgeous in its full-dress state, and infinitely more becoming to Albert Edward than any of his military uniforms.

Talleyrand was not fond of letter-writing, and always dictated a letter when he could. When he was compelled to write with his own right hand, his brevity was amazing. Two holograph letters of his have just been disposed of in an autograph sale in Paris. They were both addressed to the same lady. The first is a letter of condolence upon the death of her husband: "Dear Madam—Alas!—Your devoted Talleyrand." The other is a congratulation upon her marrying again: Dear Madam—Bravo!—Your devoted Talleyrand."

Miss Louise de la Ramee, better known as Ouida, lives in a Florentine palace. Her habitation is as gorgeous as the domiciles of her imagination. At the end of a long series of stately and splendid rooms, rich with paintings, statuary, furniture, and bric-a-brac, is the boudoir where the novelist gives occasional audience to her few visitors. The room is crowded with exotics, and lighted by only two wax candles with butterfly shades. In this scented darkness Ouida sits by her tea table, clad in a tea gown of bronze velvet and fur, or of gorgeous brocade with gold embroidery, and discourses of the decadence of England, the degradation of Italy, and the general decline of the picturesque. If asked about her work, she objects to the term, and says that she prefers to call it her inspiration.

It is generally in poor taste to deal in superlatives yet I can say in all sincerity that the reunion dinner of the Battleford Column was one of the pleasantest, if not the pleasantest, dinner parties that I ever attended. Ordinarily there is someone present who doesn't know what it is all about or doesn't care, or if he knows and cares is in such a bad humor that he becomes incapable of enjoying himself or contributing to the enjoyment of others. Not so a week ago last night, when between a hundred and fifty and two hundred of the brightest and jolliest fellows of the city gathered together, and officers and men were inspired by the same idea, warmed by the same impulses, united by the same tie, the memory of the campaign five years ago which meant so much to all of them and to the country. It would be useless to attempt to give the speeches. They were all received with applause, every speaker was cheered when he rose up and when he sat down, every song seemed to please every ear, and the dinner itself, which took place in Harry Webb's commodious and pleasant place, was far better than the average. It was promptly served and hot, at least those dishes which ought to be hot were not cold as they so generally are. I can't endure fish that has been chilled into gumminess and meat that has given up all taste and declined into a temperature of forty or fifty degrees. If I didn't know that it was Webb's habit to do things right I would have thought that he had been warmed up together with his cooks and his plates by the enthusiasm and good fellowship of that night of enjoyment. If I had given less space to a reproduction of some of the most striking features of the *menu* card—which, by the way, was the handsomest ever gotten up in the city—I might have tried to reproduce some of the ideas upon which the speakers dwelt. I give the toast list and those who responded, and you know how comrades will talk, how the pleasantest thing to the ear is a reminiscence of hardships and dangers undergone together, the joys and jokes which brightened their life, a comparison of the days then and now, and a modest mention of the glory they shared. I hope when they have another dinner, and I believe it was resolved upon to make it an annual feast, they won't forget to send an invitation to, theirs truly, DON.

How An Artist Saw Her.

An artist was not long since introduced to a very refined, intellectual and agreeable young woman. She was above the medium height, slender to the point of absolute thinness. Her face was narrow and white, without definite beauty and crowned with a mass of the most opulent and gorgeous golden hair. This hair was drawn up tightly from her thin neck and ears and wound in rope-like coils, from which no wayward strand was suffered to escape, upon the top of her head. The forehead, far too high for beauty, was fringed with a bang, curled too tightly and without reference to any especial fitness of contours. The young woman carried herself with military erectness and wore always very tight-fitting walking dresses whose high darts mercilessly defined her total absence of any roundness of figure, while her arms, in their plain sleeves, had a remarkable aspect of dryness and leanness. To the artist this young woman was a positive grief. He imagined her blonde slimness draped in loose tea gowns, taking advantage to the full of the puffed and leg-o'-mutton and angel sleeves of the period, the surplliced and gathered and folded bodices, the broad sashes, giving roundness where roundness was not. He pictured her magnificent hair unbound from its prim imprisonment and used as the keynote which was to supply the tone for her whole otherwise neutral personality. What all was not to be done, potentially, with this airy aureole! How its golden wealth was to be tossed up in barely secured masses, framing and giving breadth to the too narrow temples, shading the hollows back of the ears, veiling in soft, rich love-locks the too high forehead. In what seemed very unpromising material the artist eye saw the richest possibilities. Here was a chance, to a clever woman, to make a "type" of herself, a la Sarah Bernhardt. But the chance was being woefully lost; the possibilities of looking not as every one else looked—enviable distinction—were being recklessly thrown away. We see such waste every day. For this case the type, the style, lay immediately to hand and had but to be taken advantage of. But in a large majority of cases there are no very marked characteristics of person and there is difficulty in a woman getting sufficiently out of herself, as it were, to see herself impartially and judge accordingly on just what line she had best develop a distinct style.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Chauncey and Horace.

One of the most interesting sights in the social life of New York is Chauncey Depew and Gen. Horace Porter at a dinner party. These two veteran diners-out have been neighbors over the tables of prominent people for so many years and have been friendly rivals in postprandial eloquence so long that their experiences are in many cases almost identical. It would be a wise man who could figure up the number of elaborate dinners which the pair have eaten in company. They have got into the habit of referring to each other in the most amiable way in all of their stories, and Mr. Depew seldom tells an anecdote or reels off a reminiscence which is not imbued with such parenthetical phrases as "You remember that night, Horace;" "Wasn't it so, Horace?" "Am I right, Horace?" or some other reference to Gen. Porter. Gen. Porter always replies to these queries and references with an amiable and often smiling inclination of the head, and, when he rises to speak, he not unusually begins his address by saying, "Chauncey and I were dining," or making some other reference to the genial president of the New York Central road, whereupon Mr. Depew always wags his head in sympathy. They are the most harmonious speakers in the world. Both have a soft, easy, and conversational style, and they are utterly without oratorical sins.—*N. Y. Sun.*

First Flea—You look all worn out. What's the matter?

Second Flea—Been on a tramp for about six months.

First Flea—Stopped from exhaustion, I presume?

Second Flea—No. Tramp died.—*Lippincott.*

The Toast List.

THE QUEEN.

"The angels sang in heaven when she was born."—*Longfellow.*

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

"Let all men do honor to the representative of our gracious Queen."—*Beaconsfield.*

THE ARMY, NAVY, AND AUXILIARY FORCES.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

"Come, let us drink it while we've breath."—*Cor. Coll.*

"For auld lang syne."

"And he who will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him die."—*Dyer.*

FALLEN COMRADES

Forever more the youthful limbs are still;
The young, the gallant, and impulsive brave,
Now rests beside the far off western hill
And wild flowers blossom by his lonely grave.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

"THE OLD FLAG."

'Tis only a bit of bunting?
Only a tattered rag?
But we'll fight to the death, as our fathers fought,
For the dear old British flag.
Who dares to lay a hand on it,
Who dares to touch a fold,
Shall find that Britons' sons to-day
Can fight as they fought of old.

Three crosses in the Union,
Three crosses in the Jack,
And we'll add to it now the Maple-Leaf,
And stand by it, back to back;
For ours is the dear old flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart
We are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

OUR GUESTS.

"You are welcome, sirs, welcome all."—*Hamlet.*

"We'll have a speech straight; come, give us a taste of your quality."—*Hamlet.*

THE PRESS.

THE LADIES.

"But, oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?"—*Byron.*

TOAST LIST.

Col. Otter, D.A.G., chairman.

The Army and Navy.—Responses—Col. Grassett and Col. Miller.

The Old Brigade—Col. Hamilton and Col. Otter.

The Comrades Who Fell—Drank in silence in memory of: Corporals Sleigh and Lowry, and Trumpeter Barker, N. W. Mounted Police. Privates Osgoode and Rogers of the Guards' Sharpshooters. Bugler Foulkes, C Company Infantry School Corps. Private Dobbs, Battleford Rifles. Driver Winder, Transport Corps.

Imperial Federation—Proposed by ex-Staff-Sergt. Walker, responded to by E. E Sheppard.

The Mayor and Corporation—Proposed by Col. Miller, responded to by ex-Mayor Manning.

Our Guests—Proposed by Capt. Magee and replied to by Mr. Warring Kennedy.

The Press—Replied to by Mr. Kelso.

The Ladies—By Mr. Hume Blake.

Canada, God Bless and Preserve Her; We Love Her—Proposed by Col. Otter, and after drinking this toast, God Save the Queen was sung, and a couple of hours of sociable chat and song followed.

The songs interspersed through the proceedings were as follows:

Pte. Ed. Lye sang The Red, White and Blue; Sergt. George Creighton, The Old Brigade; Frank Eddis, Rule Britannia; Sergt. Pearson, The Young Brigade; Pte. J. M. Wright, The Rose of Allandale; Alexander Boyd, Pork and Beans. Songs were also rendered by Capt. Mutton and Surgeon Leslie.

Those principally to be honored for the success of the reunion are: Col. Miller (chairman), Col.-Sergt. World (treasurer), Sergt. Sampson (secretary), Staff-Sergt. Harp, Pte. Phillips, ex-Sergts. F. Eddis and Cecil Lee, Sergt. McHenry, Capt. Macdonald, Color-Sergt. McKell, Sergt. A. Robertson, Staff-Sergt. Swift, Sergt. Laidlaw, and Color-Sergt. Cooper.

Another Method of Courting.

The Greek merchants at Marseilles are an exceedingly practical race of people, if one may judge from the system of courtship. When one of them wants a wife, he writes round to the various Greek houses on the Continent and in England stating his requirements in the matter of dowry, and inviting tenders. In due course various fair competitions are entered, with specifications of age and weight, and photographs are forwarded. The most suitable being selected, settlements are drawn out by the lawyers, and finally the lady is consigned, with the dates and figs, as per invoice, to her future lord and master, who awaits her on the quay, unships hers and forthwith marries her. They do not let courting interfere with business

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXVI.—CONTINUED.

There was a vague trouble at her heart—an uneasiness for which she could not account. Something in Mrs. Vane's manner—something in her tone, her smile, her eyes—was distasteful to the unerring instinct of the child. Yet, fearing woman, as it had been to the trained observation of Maurice Evandale. Flossy might do her best to be charming—she might disarm criticism by the sweetness of her manner; but, in spite of her efforts, candid and unsullied natures were apt to detect in her a want of frankness—a little taint of something which they hardly liked to name. Sister Louisa grieved sorely over what she had heard of Cynthia; but she was disposed by an unconquerable distrust of this fair fashionable woman of the world.

"I think there is scarcely any link wanting in the chain," said Mrs. Vane to herself, when, having just caught her train, she was being whirled back to the metropolis. Jane Wood was Cynthia Janet Westwood. She had a fine voice, and was about sixteen years old when she left St. Elizabeth's, July, 187—. In July, 187—, the same year, Lalli was engaged at Mr. Wadsley's with a girl of sixteen, who also had a fine voice, who had been at St. Elizabeth's, and who called herself Janet Westwood. Mr. Lepel had put Jane Wood at school; Mr. Lepel turns up later on as the lover—protector—what not?—of Cynthia West. There is the slightest reasonable doubt that Jane Wood and Cynthia West are one and the same person. That proxy old sister would prove it in a moment if we brought them face to face. And Jane Wood was Westwood's daughter. Cynthia West is Westwood's daughter. Very easily traced! What will the world say when it knows that the rising young soprano singer is the daughter of a murderer? It won't much care, I suppose. But Hubert will care lest the fact be known. He has been too careful in hiding it for that not to be the case. Let me see—Cynthia West—presumably Westwood's daughter—meets a mysterious stranger in Kensington Gardens and addresses him as her father. The mysterious stranger comes from America, and has while there been tracked by me to Westwood's daughter. Very easily traced! What will the world say when it knows that the rising young soprano singer is the daughter of a murderer? It won't much care, I suppose. But Hubert will care lest the fact be known. He has been too careful in hiding it for that not to be the case. Let me see—Cynthia West—presumably Westwood's daughter—meets a mysterious stranger in Kensington Gardens and addresses him as her father. The mysterious stranger comes from America, and has while there been tracked by me—quite unlike Mr. Andrew Westwood, be it remarked. Westwood escaped from Portland some years ago, and is supposed to have settled in the backwoods of America. I think there is very good reason for supposing that the mysterious stranger is Westwood himself, returned to England in order to secure his daughter and companionship. And, if so, what a fool the man must be, when once he had got safely away, to run his head into a nest of enemies! He must be mad indeed! And, if mad," said Mrs. Vane, with a curiously cold and cruel smile, "the best thing for him will be incarceration at Portland prison once again."

It was growing dark, and she was beginning to feel a little tired. She put her feet upon the seat and closed her eyes. How long she had fallen into a placid slumber, which lasted until she reached the London terminus. Then she drove straight to the Grosvenor Hotel, where she found Parker waiting and a dainty little supper prepared for her.

Flossy did justice to her meal, and then went to bed, where she slept the sleep of the innocent and righteous until Parker appeared at her bedside the next morning with a breakfast tray.

"And there's Miss Meldreth in the sitting-room inquiring for you, ma'am. Is she to come in? I wonder how she knew that you were here!"

"Oh, I saw her accidentally yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Vane, "and told her that I want to know what she is doing in London. Yes—she can come in."

Parker accordingly summoned Miss Meldreth, and then, in obedience to a sign from her mistress, retired rather sulkily. She was not very fond of Mrs. Vane; but she resented any attempt on the part of a stranger to come between her and her mistress's confidences; and she had an impression that there was something between Mrs. Vane and Sabina which she did not know.

"Well, Sabina, how did the experiment succeed?" said Mrs. Vane easily, in spite of her look of fatigue and her languid attitude amongst the pillows, she spoke as if she had not a care in the world.

"I succeeded all right," answered Sabina, a little shortly.

"What did you find out?"

"They're not real—his hair and beard, I mean. It's a wig. He's got grayish dark-brown hair, and very little of it underneath, and whiskers. He ain't nearly so old as we thought."

"Tell me how you managed it," said Mrs. Vane—"from beginning to end."

"Well, ma'am, he came in about five, as usual, to his tea; and I says to aunt Eliza, 'I'll carry in the tray'; and I says, 'What a lot of milk you've given him! I'll pour it back.' And aunt she, 'You don't better not, for he likes his tea half milk, and he'll only ring for more.' 'Well, then,' I says, 'it'll give me a chance of going in a second time, and, mayhap, I'll like that.' So I emptied part of the milk away, and then I put half of the stuff that you gave me into this jug, and I could go by which Mr. Dave's sitting-room. He looked at me very sharp when I went in, almost as if he suspected me of something; but he didn't say nothing, and neither did I. I set down his tray before him, and he pours out the tea. Almost before I was out of the door, 'Miss Meldreth,' he says, 'a little more milk, if you please.' 'Oh, didn't I bring you enough, sir?' I says. 'If you'll pour that into your cup then, I'll send out for some more, and it'll be better by the time you've done your first cup. The cat knocked a basin of milk over this afternoon,' says I, 'and so there isn't as much as usual in the house.'"

"All that was pure invention, I suppose?" interrogated Mrs. Vane cynically.

"One had to say something, ma'am. He looked a little put out, and hesitated for a minute or two; then he took and emptied the milk jug straight into his cup, and began to drink his tea; and I went out and filled the jug again. I waited for a few minutes before I came back, and I found him leaning back in his chair, with a sleepy look coming over him directly. 'Miss Meldreth,' he says, 'I'm sorry to have troubled you, for I really don't think I want any more tea'—and then he yawned fit to take his head off—'and I'm going out to lie down on the sofa to get a little rest, for I am so uncommonly drowsy.'

"That seems a little sudden," said Mrs. Vane thoughtfully. "Are you sure that he did not suspect anything?

"No ma'am—I don't think so. Well, he laid down, and I went in and out taking away the things; and, if you'll believe me, in ten minutes he was fast asleep and snoring like—like a grampus!"

"Well, Sabina?"

"I let him stay so for nearly half an hour, so as to be sure that he was thoroughly off, ma'am, and then I went up to him and touched his hair. It was very nicely fitted on; but it was a wig for all that, and one could easily see the dark hair underneath. The beard was more difficult to move—there was some sticky stuff to fasten it on as well as an elastic band behind the ears; but it was quite a false one too. He's a dark looking man, almost like a gipsy. I should say, with hair that's nearly black—something like his eyebrows. Do you think he's the man you want, ma'am?"

"I'm sure of it, Sabina. Do you want to earn three hundred pounds besides your twenty?"

"What ma'am?"

"Three hundred pounds, I remember, was offered for the arrest of Andrew Westwood, escaped prisoner from Portland Prison, five years ago. This man is Andrew Westwood, Sabina, who murdered Sydney Vane. You shall have the money to keep as soon as it is paid."

Sabina drew back aghast.

"A murderer," she said—"and him such a nice quiet-looking old gentleman! Why, when Eliza was always planning a match betwen him and me! It's awful!"

Flossy laughed grimly.

"People don't carry their crimes in their face, Sabina," she said. "Now you can go away and wait in the sitting room until Parker has dressed me. Then you will come with me to Scotland Yard—I believe that is the place to go to. I want that man arrested before nightfall. Here, take your twenty pounds."

"Oh," said Sabina—"I wish I'd known!"

"Do you mean that you would not have helped me?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am; I don't like the idea of shutting the poor man up for ever and ever in a jail.

"Perhaps you don't mind the idea of murder!" said Mrs. Vane sarcastically. "Don't be a fool, Sabina! Think of the three hundred pounds, too! You shall have it all, I promise you; and I will consider myself with the satisfaction of seeing him once more where he deserves to be. Now call Parker."

Sabina went back to the sitting-room, not daring to disobey. Her reluctance, moreover, soon vanished as the thought of those three hundred pounds took possession of her. She was absorbed in golden dreams when Mrs. Vane rejoined her, and was quite prepared to do or say whatever she was told.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mrs. Vane left Parker at the hotel with a message for the general, should he appear, that she was going to her dentist's and thence to her brother's lodgings. But she and Sabina Meldreth went straight to Scotland Yard and had an interview with one of the police authorities.

Mrs. Vane's statement was clear and concise. She was conspicuous for the shrewdness that she had displayed; and Sabina was shown a photograph of Andrew Westwood taken while he was at Portland. She could not be quite so certain that it was Mr. Lepel's prisoner, but have desired her to be; but the evidence was on the whole so far conclusive that it was determined to arrest Mr. Lepel on Sabina's suspicion. If he could give a satisfactory account of himself, and if he could not be identified, he would of course have to be set free again; but it seemed possible, if not probable, that Reuben Dare was the very man for whom the police had searched so vainly and so long. A warrant was summoned, the detectives were called as well as a detective in plain clothes and a constable politely followed Sabina into it. Mrs. Vane thought it more becoming to her position not to assist at the arrest. She therefore remained behind, unable to resist the temptation of awaiting their return with the prisoner.

She waited for nearly two hours. Then the cab came back again, and out of it emerged two police officers and Sabina, but no detective, nor Reuben Dare. Flossy's heart beat quickly with a mixture of rage and fear. Had she taken all this trouble for nothing, and had Reuben Dare given a satisfactory account of himself after all?

"The bird has flown, ma'am," said the inspector, entering the office where she sat, with a rather crestfallen air. He must have got some notion of what was in the wind, for he went out this morning soon after Miss Meldreth left the house, and evidently does not intend to come back again. He has left his portmanteau, but he has emptied it of everything that he could carry away, and left two sovereigns on the table in payment of his rent and other expenses for the week.

"He has gone to his daughter!" cried Flossy, starting up. "Why have you not been to her? I gave you her address."

"No use, ma'am," said the inspector, shaking his head. "We've been round there already, and left Mullins to watch the house. But I expect we are too late. We ought to have known last night. Amateurs in the detective line are sometimes very clever; but they are not always sharp enough for our work. The young woman has also disappeared."

Mrs. Vane's unusual absence from her home had not been without its results. Little Dick held high carnival in her absence in the drawing-room and the conservatory; and Enid, feeling herself equally freed from the restraint usually put upon her, wandered out into the garden, and found a cool and shady spot where she could establish herself at ease in a comfortable basket chair. She did not feel disposed for exertion; all that she wished to do was to lie still and to keep silence. The old unpleasant feeling of illness had been growing upon her more and more during the last few days. She was seldom free from nausea, and suffered a great deal from faintness and palpitation of the heart. As she lay in her cushioned chair, her face looked very small and white, the blue-veined eyelids singularly heavy. She was sorry to hear the footsteps of a passer-by loitering on a pathway not far from the spot which she had chosen; but she hoped that the gardener or caller, or whoever it might chance to be, would not see her, recognize her in the dress between the branches of the tree. But she was doomed to be disappointed. The footsteps slackened, then turned aside. She was conscious that some one's hand parted the branches—that some one's eyes were regarding her; but she was too languid to look up. Let the stranger think that she was asleep; then surely he would go upon his way and leave her in peace.

"Miss Vane," said a deep manly voice that she did not expect to hear. "I beg your pardon—do I disturb you?"

Enid opened her heavy eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Evandale—not at all, thank you!"

"I was afraid that you were asleep," said the rector, instantly coming to her side; "and in that case, I should have taken the still greater liberty of awaking you, for there is a sharp east wind in spite of the hot sunshine, and to sleep in the shade, as I feared that you were doing, would be dangerous."

"Thank you," said Enid gently.

She sat erect for a minute or two, then gradually sank back amongst her cushions, as if not equal to the task of maintaining herself upright. The rector stood beside her, a look of trouble in his kind frank eyes.

"Shall I give you my arm back to the house?" he said, after a pause.

"No, no, thank you—I am not ill, Mr. Evandale!"

"But you are not well—at least, not very strong!"

"Well—no. No—I suppose that I am not very strong."

She turned away her head; but notwithstanding the movement, he saw that a great tear was gathering underneath the veined eyelid, ready to drop as soon as ever it had a chance.

"Miss Vane," said the rector suddenly, "are you in any trouble? Excuse me for asking; but your face tells its own story. You were happier a year ago than you are now."

"Oh, yes," the girl sighed—"much happier!"—and then the great tear fell.

"Can I do nothing to help you? My mission is to those who are in any trouble; and apart from that, I thought once that you looked upon me as a friend." There was a touch of human emotion in the last words which seemed to bring him closer to Enid than the earlier sentence could have done. "But I know you have no need of me," the rector added sorrowfully; "you have so many friends."

"I have not a friend in the world!" the girl broke out; and then she hall hid her face with her transparently thin fingers and tried to conceal the fact that she was weeping.

"Not a friend, Miss Vane?" Mr. Evandale's tone betrayed complete bewilderment.

"Whom would you call my friend?" said Enid, almost passionately. "Not a man like my poor uncle, duped, blinded, deceived by any one who chooses to call herself his friend. Not a woman like his wife, who hates me, and wants me out of the way lest I should claim a share of his estate! Oh, I know what I am saying—I know too well! I can trust neither of them—for he is weak and under her control, and she has never been a friend to me or mine. I do not know what to do or where to go—I am so friendless."

"I heard a rumor that you were engaged to marry Mr. Hubert Lepel," said the rector gently. "If that be true, he surely should be counted amongst your friends."

"A man," said Enid, with bitterness of which he would not have thought her capable, "who cares for me less than the last new play or the latest *debutante* at Her Majesty's! Should I call him a friend?"

"It is not true then that you are engaged to him?"

"I thought that I was," said Enid, still very bitterly. "He asked me to marry him; I thought that he loved me, and I—I consented. But my uncle has now withdrawn the half-consent he gave. I am to be asked again, they tell me, when I am twenty. I am their chattel—a piece of goods to be given away and taken back. And then you ask me if I am happy, or if I call the man who treats me so lightly a friend!"

"I see—I see. But matters may yet turn out better than you think. Mr. Lepel's position only kept back by the general's uncertainty of action. I can quite conceive that it would put a man into a very awkward position."

"I do not think that Hubert cares much," said Enid, with a little sarcasm in her tone.

"He must care!" said Evandale impetuously.

"Why?" the girl asked, suddenly turning her innocent eyes upon him in some surprise. "Why should he care?"

The rector's face glowed.

"Because he—he must care." The answer was ridiculously inadequate, he knew, but he had nothing else to say. "How can he help caring when he sees that you care?—unless he has no more feeling than a log or a block of stone." He smote his clenched fist against the trunk of a tree beside him as he spoke.

Still Enid looked at him with the same expression of amazement. But little by little her emotion seemed to affect her too—the blush to pass from his face to her pale cheeks.

"But—but," she stammered, at length, "you are wrong—that way—in the way you think. I do not care."

"You do not care? For him do you not care?"

"As a cousin," said Enid faintly—"yes."

"Not as a lover?" The rector spoke so low she could hardly hear a word.

"No."

"Not as a husband?"

"No."

"Then why did you consent to marry him?"

One question had followed another so naturally that the strangeness of each had not been felt. But Enid's cheeks were crimson now.

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me! I felt miserable, and I thought that he would be a help to me—and he isn't. I can't talk to him—I can't trust him. I can't ask him what to do! And we are both bound, and yet we are not bound, and it is so wretched for him as it is for me—and I don't know what to do."

"Could you trust me better than you have trusted him?" said the rector hoarsely.

He knew that he was not acting quite in accordance with what men usually termed the laws of honor; but it seemed to him that the time had come for contempt of a merely conventional law. Was Persean, willing even to sacrifice of Andromeda was completed, to hesitate in rescuing her because the sea monster had prior rights, forsooth? Was Maurice Evandale—to stand aside while this gentle delicate creature—the only woman that he had ever loved—was barbarously bound into an early grave by cold-hearted kinsman who wanted to sacrifice her to some family whim? He would do what he could to save her! There was something imperious in his heart which would not let him hold his tongue.

"Trust you! Oh, yes—I could trust you with anything!" said Enid, half unconscious of the full meaning of her words.

"Do you understand me?" said Mr. Evandale. He dropped upon the vacant chair by her chair, so as to bring his face to a level with hers, and gently took both her hands between his own as he spoke. "I want you to trust me with your life—with yourself! Make no mistake this time, Enid. Could you not only trust me, but care for me? For, if you can, I will do my best to make you happy."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Enid. She looked at him as if frightened, then withdrew her hands from his clasp and put them before her face. "It is so sudden—I never thought—"

"You never thought that I loved you? I have kept silence because I thought that you loved another. But, if that be not true, and if you are only trying to uphold a family arrangement which is painful perhaps to both of you, why, then, there is nothing to keep me silent! I step in and offer you a way out of the difficulty. If you can love me, I am ready to give you my whole life, Enid. I have never in my life loved a woman as I love you. Are I (this) that you could care for me a little; I seem to read it in your eyes—your poor tired eyes! Read in me, my darling—trust to me—and we will fight through your difficulties together."

He had drawn her gently towards him as he spoke. She did not resist; her head rested on his shoulder, her slender fingers were again into his hand; she drew a sigh of perfect well-being and content. This man, at any rate, she could trust—she felt all her heart.

"Do you love me a little, Enid?"

"I think so."

"You are not sure?"

"I am sure of anything; I have been so tossed—so perplexed—so troubled. I feel as if I could be t rest with you—is that enough?"

"For a time, perhaps, it must be enough. If you feel more for me, or if you feel less—whatever happens—you must let me know, and I will be content."

"You are very good! But, oh"—with a sudden shrinking movement—"I—I shall have broken my word!"

"Yes; I am sorry that you have to do it. But better break your word than marry a man you do not love."

"And who does not love me," said Enid, in an exceedingly low tone.

"Are you really sure of that, Enid?"

"Indeed—indeed I think so! He is so cold and indifferent, and we never agree when we talk together—he seems impatient of my ideas. Our tastes are quite different; I am sure that I should not be happy with him, nor he with me."

"You will be brave then, my love, and tell him so?"

"Yes." But again she shrank from him. "Oh, what shall I do if she—if Flossy tells me that I must?"

Mr. Evandale frowned.

"Are you so much afraid of Mrs. Vane?"

"Yes," she said timorously—"I am. She—she frightens me! Oh, don't be angry! I know I am very weak; but indeed I cannot help it!"—and she burst into despairing tears.

"My darling, my poor little child! I am not angry at all! We will brave her together, you and I. You shall not be afraid of her any longer; you will know that I am always near you to protect you—to strengthen you. And you will trust to me?"

She tried to answer "Yes;" but her strength suddenly seemed to die away from her. She slipped from his arm and lay back upon the cushions; a bluish tinge overspread her lips; her face turned deadly white; she seemed upon the verge of a swoon.

Evandale, alarmed as he was, did not lose his presence of mind. Fortunately he had in his pocket a flask of brandy which he had been about to carry a sick parishioner. In a moment he had it uncorked and was compelling her to swallow a mouthful or two; then he fanned her with the great black fan which had lain upon her lap; and finally he remembered that he had seen a great watering-can full of water standing in the garden path not far away, and thought that it had not been removed. The cold water with which he moistened her lips and brow brought her to herself; in a few minutes she was able to look up at him and smile, and presently declared herself quite well. But Evandale was very grave.

"Are you often faint, Enid?" he asked.

"Sometimes—but this—with a little tinge of color in her pale cheeks—"this is just a common kind of faintness—it is not like the other."

"Are you now fit to go home? Can you faint in this way. May I ask you a few questions about yourself?"

"Yes—if you know that you are quite a doctor!" said Enid, smiling at him with perfect confidence.

So the rector put his questions—and very strange questions some of them were, thought Enid, though he was wonderfully correct in guessing what she felt. Yes, she was nearly always faint and sick; she had a strange burning sensation sometimes in her chest; she had violent palpitations and odd feelings of terrible fright and depression. If the doctor had asked her if she had not the faintest trace of organic disease of the heart, and that these functional disturbances would speedily pass if she could only indefinitely put off her and told her that she need not be alarmed—and of course he was a very clever man.

"Is—is—is—this—serious?" she asked, after a long pause, and rather as if he was trying to make a sort of joke which, after all, was not amusing.

"I am going to ask you what you will think a very foolish question, Miss Vane—is an enemy in the house—here at Beechfield Hall?"

Enid's eyes dilated with a look of terror.

"Why—why do you ask?"

"It is a ridiculous question, is it not? But I thought that perhaps somebody had been playing with your nerves and wanting to frighten you about yourself. Is there anybody who might possibly do so?"

Her lips parted twice before any articulate sound emerged from them. At last he caught the answer—

"Only Flossy."

He was silent for a moment.

"Do you take any medicine?" he asked, at length.

"Yes; Mr. Ingledew sent me some."

"What is it like?"

"I don't know; it is not disagreeable. Flossy looked at it, and said that it was a calming mixture."

"I should like to see the prescription; perhaps it does not quite suit you. And who gives it to you?"

"I take it myself; it is kept in my bedroom."

"And what else do you drink and eat?" said the rector, smiling. "You see, I am quite the learned physician. I want to know all about your habits."

"Oh, I eat and drink just what other people do!"

"Are you thirsty at night?"

"Why, how strange! How you guess that? I have orange-water or lemonade put beside me every night, so that I may drink it if I wake up."

And then Evandale, who was watching her intently, saw that her face changed as if an unpleasant thought had suddenly recurred to her.

"What is it, dear?"

"It was only a dream I have had several times—it troubles me sometimes to think of it; but I know that it is only a dream."

"Won't you tell me what it was? I should like to hear! Lay your head back on my shoulder again and tell me all about it."

Enid sighed again, but it was with bliss.

"Perhaps I shall not dream it if I tell it all to you." she said in murmurs. "It seems to me as if—in the middle of the night—I wake up and see some one in the room—a white figure standing by the bed, and I think it is Flossy putting something into my glass; or sometimes she offers it to me and makes me drink; and she looks at me as if she hated me; and I—I am afraid!"

"But who is it, my darling?"

"I suppose it is nobody, because nobody else sees it but me. I made Flossy sleep with me two or three times; but she said that she saw nothing, and that she was certain that nobody had come into the room. I suppose it was a ghost!"

"Nonsense, dearest!"

"Then is it only an optical illusion, and I am going out of my mind," said Enid despairingly.

"Was the figure like that of any one you know?"—"Yes—Flossy."

"My dear child! And you think that she does not like you?"

"I know that she hates me."

"My dear darling, it is simply a nightmare—nothing more. But he felt her trembling in his arms.

"It is more than a nightmare, I am sure. You know that people used to say that I might go out of my mind if those terrible seizures attacked me! I have not had so many of them lately; but I feel what I felt when ever I did—I feel as if I were going to die. Perhaps it would be better if I were to die, and then I should not be a trouble and a care to anybody. And it would be better to die than to go mad, would it not?"

"Enid," said the rector very gravely, "I believe that your illness is entirely one of the nerves, and that it can be controlled. You must try to believe, my darling, that you could conquer it if you tried. When you feel the symptoms of one of your attacks come on upon them, resolve that you will not give way. By a determined effort I think that it is possible for you to ward them off. Will you try, for my sake?"

"I will try," said Enid wearily; "but I am afraid that trying will be useless."

"And another thing—I do not believe that Mr. Ingledew is giving you the right kind of medicine. I want you quietly to stop taking it for a week, and to stop drinking your water of orange-water at night. In a week's time let us see how you feel. If you are no better, I will talk to Ingledew myself. Will you promise me that? Say, 'Yes, Maurice.'"

"Yes, Maurice—I promise you."

"And another thing, my own dearest. When that nightmare comes on again, try to conquer your fear of it. Do not lie still; rise up and see what it really is. You may find that your senses will be satisfied by proof that what you took for a threatening figure is merely that of a servant who has had orders to frighten you—whether that is anything or not. Nightmares often resolve themselves into very harmless things. And of the supernatural I do not think that you need be alarmed; God is very near you—He will not suffer you to be frightened by phantoms of the night. Remember when you wake that I shall be thinking of you—praying for you. I will pray very hard, and I do not sleep heavily. I shall probably be awake thinking of you, or I may be praying for you, during the very time of your fright. Will you think of that and try to be brave?"

"I feel braver now!" said the girl simply.

"Yes, Maurice, I will—will you ask. I do not think that I shall feel afraid again."

He left her soon afterwards, and returned on the following morning, to hear, not with surprise, that she had slept better, that she had had no nightmare, and that she suffered less from nausea and faintness than usual. Mrs. Vane was away for a second night, and he had time to see Enid again before her return. She had not touched her medicine bottles, and there was again a slight but marked improvement in her condition. Mr. Evandale induced her to fetch one of the bottles of Mr. Ingledew's mixture, which he put into his pocket and conveyed to his own home. There he smelt, tasted, and to some extent analyzed it. The result was such as to plunge him for a short time into deep and troubled thought.

"I expected it," he said at last, with an impatient sigh. "The symptoms were those of digitalis-poisoning. There is not enough in this concoction to do her much harm however. It is given to her in some other form—in that lemonade at night perhaps. Well, I shall soon see whether my suspicions are correct when Mrs. Vane comes home."

(To be Continued.)

A Lady's Answer.

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A Good Example.

Indignant Servant (complaining to mistress) —Th' haythen kissed me.

Mistress—How dare you do such a thing, John!

John—Master he say, "John, you try make good mince pies same white man. You can same like me." Me do alice same like master; Ilish girl kickee.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

How It Happened.

Walker—Did you hear about Smith having an eye removed?

Talker—No. Good heavens! how did it happen?

Walker—By changing his name to Smythe.

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

For some minutes nothing disturbed the silence of the summer-house save Hugh's hurried breathing and the strains of music which came in at the open window. Stanley, who was still standing at Laura's side, gazed fixedly upon Hugh's bowed head as he sat by the table; her heart was aching for him—he had been so cruelly used, so basely betrayed. If he had not loved Laura Beacham, he had surely trusted her; and it must be terrible pain to know that there was no foundation for his faith—that his wife had betrayed him even more basely than the man who had just left them. The girl longed to comfort him; but she was powerless. She knew that he loved her still—he knew that she would have become his wife in spite of the stain upon his birth which had parted them; but they must be nothing to each other—they must live and die strangers because, knowing of their mutual love, they could never be friends again.

The hapless woman whose treachery had caused their misery rested against the heart of the girl whom she had wronged, motionless, as if she had been stunned—only her eyes, which were fixed upon her husband, showed that she lived. Her head was thrown back and her face was as white as the delicate laces of Stanley's gown. She looked so deathlike that, when Hugh raised his head and looked over at them with reproach and scorn in his eyes, the young girl almost involuntarily put out her hand with a little gesture of entreaty.

"I think she cannot bear much more," she said, in a low tremulous tone. "Spare her if you can, Hugh!"

With an expression of wondering gratitude Laura turned her eyes for a moment to the lovely pitying face above her. Hugh rose and took a step towards them. At his movement his wife rose from her chair, and, leaning on Stanley, stood with bent head like a criminal before her judge. He glanced at her with an expression of horror, then averted his eyes from her face.

"She has not spared me," said Hugh Cameron, in slow measured tones; "why should I spare her? I have little to say to her; but that little had better be said at once. She is my wife—true; but she became so by fraud; therefore by her treachery she has forfeited any claim her marriage would have given her."

The cold hard tones, so relentless, so full of unutterable scorn, seemed to fall upon Laura Cameron like blows. Anger, contempt, passionate reproaches, would have been easier to bear than this, which seemed to say that he would never forgive and to prophesy an eternal separation.

"From this day we are parted for ever," he went on. "Nothing can efface from my heart and mind that which you have done. All your life since we met has been a lie—a deception. I did not love you; but I trusted you. I thought you good, tender, devoted, faithful; I compared your love with the love you stole from me. Stanley, forgive me for it! I did not know then what a clever actress this woman was or to what depths she could sink to gain her ends. I fear that I was an easy prey," he added, with a bitter laugh; "I trusted her very fully, when all the while she was fooling me to the top of my bent!"

His eyes gleamed with wrath; his wrongs were many, and it was impossible to avenge them because she was a woman; but, when he thought of his suffering and Stanley's, he had to clench his hands to keep his anger in check. It seemed to him at that moment that he lived all his agony over again—the scenes with Stanley, the terrible night of wandering, the fever, the languor of convalescence, the yearning and misery of the last few weeks. And he owed them all to her, he told himself. Men had often killed women for lesser offences than hers.

"My life can know but one wish henceforward," he said, sternly—"and that is that my eyes may never again rest upon your face! Let me forget as far as I am able that I have ever been your dupe—that I have ever been befooled by your acting and your treachery. The very sight of you is abhorrent to me!"

He turned away, and walked towards the door; but at the movement his wife overcame the stupor which had seemed to enthrall her. A cry broke from her lips—such a cry as a criminal might utter on hearing the sentence of death pronounced against which there is no appeal. She sprang forward and fell at his feet in a passion of despairing supplication.

"I loved you," she said between her sobs—"I loved you, and my love had driven me mad! I have sinned—ah, Heaven, yes, I have sinned—but it was because I loved you so well—so well!"

"Is that love which seeks only its own gratification?" he asked mournfully.

"I loved you!" she repeated wildly. "And I have suffered! I always loved you! When I heard of your engagement to Stanley Gernant—heard it from the gibing lips of the man who have just left us—my life seemed over. He tempted me; he told me of the secret he had learned from a paper he had found in his father's desk; he told me that it would separate you—that Sir Humphrey Gernant would never consent; but first I must try every means but that. He hesitated, he said, because he was a man of honor."

A hoarse mocking laugh terrible to hear broke from Hugh Cameron's lips.

"'A man of honor!'" he repeated. "Nay, he need not have hesitated on that account. 'A man of honor!'—with a sneer. "It is as much a misnomer when applied to him as the term 'faithful woman' would be if it were applied to you!"

"I wronged you," she moaned; "but through it all I loved you and I have suffered. During your illness I felt as if I were your murderess—I who would have died for you! And then when her letter came, and it seemed as if I had sinned and suffered for nothing, the temptation to suppress it was beyond my powers of resistance. Why should she gain, I asked myself, what was almost within my grasp, and what I had risked so much to obtain? I kept back the letter—I dared not destroy it—and in a few days another came, in a handwriting which I did not recognize; but I knew the crest and postmark. It was from Sir Humprey. I destroyed that one, throwing it without a moment's hesitation into the fire near which I was standing at the time. Even at a moment later, I had wondered at what I had done I could not; it would have been impossible.

She paused to take breath. She had spoken swiftly, with her head bowed upon her bosom, crouching and trembling at his feet, but Hugh's face had not changed—it was cold, bitter, relentless, and his eyes were turned from her as if they could not bear to rest upon her. Stanley, her heart aching, had moved to the open window and stood there. The sun had set, the western sky was still crim-on, but in the summer-house the light was fading.

"I have sinned," Laura Cameron continued, in her broken voice, which was growing weaker; "but I have suffered. I became your wife, and every kind word you spoke to me, every caress, stabbed me to the heart because of my treachery towards you! Even when we were abroad I was wretched. If the knowledge of my sin against you had not been enough to poison my life, the fact that you had no real love for me would have done so. You were very good to me—very patient, but you did not guess what my life was—what a fever of unrest and pain was always upon me! Ah, I have been punished—and it seems as if my punishment is more than I can bear!"

Still he was silent; the expression of contempt on his face condemned her more hopelessly than any words could have done. He could never forgive the falsehood and treachery by which he had suffered so cruelly.

"But, if I suffered at first," she went on, "that suffering was as nothing and happiness compared with that which followed our return to England. I had been afraid of Francis Ashton. He had forwarded us a few lines of congratulation with the magnificent wedding gift he had sent to Algiers; but, when he came to me on the morning after our arrival in England, I knew that I had to fear the worst. He had never meant me to become your wife. But you know that—he has told you so." The hoarse voice was growing fainter; but, with an effort, she conquered her weakness and continued, "Oh, the misery of it—the constant fear, the uncertainty, the suspense! How have I lived through it all? I have never known one minute's freedom from anxiety since he came to me and told me what his revenge was to be! If he had killed him, it would have been merciful; but he kept me on the rack until the protracted torture made my life unbearable. You never left me for an hour but I feared that on your return you would know what I had done. He haunted me; wherever I went I saw him with his meaning smile and the pitiless significance of his eyes as they met mine! Sometimes I prayed that the anguish would kill me—once I was almost driven to destroy myself; but through it all, I suppose, I had some hope that he might show mercy—he who does not know the meaning of the word!"

Her voice was almost inaudible from weakness; but there was no compassion on the face of the man who was listening to her. His own torture had made him hard. What mercy had she shown Stanley?

Laura knelt at his feet, pressing her hand to her side as if trying to stop the heavy throbbing of her heart. She was suffering acutely from physical pain, irrespectively of the torture of her soul. Stanley leaned, cold and trembling, against the open window, with the anxiety almost as great as his wife's for Hugh to speak. There was silence for some minutes before he did so; and then his voice was infinitely sad and weary.

"You have nothing more to say to me, I suppose—and this scene has lasted far too long already. I am scarcely calm enough now to decide about anything; but one thing is certain—when we part here now, we part for ever. Your life and mine are separate from this hour; they cannot have lived our side by side. Any arrangements necessary can be made later; but we are dead to each other for ever!"

"Hugh!"

Only one word had escaped her lips; but it seemed to Stanley as if a volume of anguish and pleading was in the word. As she uttered it she raised her trembling hands and seized his arm.

"Oh, no—oh, no—oh, no!" she moaned. "I am your wife—I love you! I know I am unworthy, but you will be merciful! I was mad—mad with love of you—mad with misery! I did not know what I was doing! I did not know how base I have been; I know my sin—I feel my shame; but I have been punished! Oh, Hugh, forgive me—forgive me!"

He turned his eyes to her for a moment, but there were no signs of relenting in them.

"Forgive you!" he said bitterly. "You ruin a man's life for ever, and you expect forgiveness in the first hour of your penitence! Do you know what I have suffered at your hands? Nay, you cannot, or you would not dare to ask me to forgive you!" He paused for a moment, then went on with increasing vehemence, "Forgive you! I will forgive you! I will forget your sin against me, but not until then!—and he shook her hand from his arm with a gesture of irrepressible disdain.

"Forgive—forgive!" she moaned, feebly. "I loved you—I loved you!"

"And I trusted you!" he retorted, the words seeming to fall like molten lead upon her breaking heart. "I will forgive you when you can give me back that feeling of trustfulness."

"Hugh!"

It was Stanley's soft pleading voice; and at the sound Laura turned and, still kneeling, flung her arms about the girl as she came forward.

"Ask him for me!" she whispered. "He will listen to you!"

"Hugh, she has suffered," said the girl, gently. "Let her suffering plead for her. Oh, be merciful—she is your wife!"

"She is my wife through her treachery," he answered, sternly. "She has forfeited all claims upon my forbearance. Merciful!"—with a dreadful laugh. "I am merciful, or I should have killed her!"

"Kill me!" Laura whispered, her head resting against Stanley as she clung to her. "That would indeed be mercy!"

"Oh, what can I say to you?" the girl asked tremulously. "What plea can I urge which will influence you? Surely your suffering as hers, such repentance, should win pardon! And she loves you!"

Hugh smiled bitterly.

"Such love as hers is worse than the cruellest hate! Do not stoop to plead for her, Stanley! It is unlike you to shelter deceit and baseness! Why should you pity her? She has won that for which she sinned! Keep your pity for me rather, whose whole life has been made desolate by her sin!"

He went towards the door, his wife's eyes followed him with a despairing look, her lips moving but emitting no sound. Stanley made one last despairing remonstrance.

"Oh, Hugh, be pitiful!" she said. "She is so ill—she has suffered so much! It is killing her, I think! I forgive her—and I too have suffered wrong at her hands."

"You have not been her dupe for many a long month," he answered. "If you had loved me one tenth part as well as I have loved you, you could not have forgiven her what I have suffered!"

As he put his hand upon the door, his wife sprang forward with a faint but bitter cry, stretching out her arms towards him. His eyes rested upon her for a moment with a look of aversion, disdain and horror—a look which made her cover her face with her hands and cower back.

"Hugh," Stanley exclaimed, with passionate reproach, "you are cruel!"

He held up his hand with a deprecating gesture; and for the first time in this last dreadful hour she saw that his wrist was bandaged, as if it had been recently injured. As her eyes fell upon it she knew when that injury had been incurred, and her heart went out to him in sorrowful tenderness and love and pity.

"You will not add to my pain," he said to her coldly, "by your grief. I do not think you can understand, Stanley; and yet—"

He was silent for a moment, looking at them—at the shrinking form of the woman who had so wronged him, and at the still white figure of the girl who pitied her with so divine a pity, and whose eyes met his in a measure of sorrow and entreaty. A great struggle was going on in his heart; he saw the full extent of Laura's sin against him and the hideousness of her remorse, the agony of her repentance. Could he forgive her? He thought of his ruined life, of the months of suffering he had endured, and of the years of desolation which lay before him. He remembered Stanley's sufferings during that midnight interview in the oak-panelled room at Eyncourt—and at the thought of that he set his teeth and told himself that he could not forgive; but, when his eyes fell upon the cowering form at their feet, upon the golden head bowed before them, a tenderness pity stole into his heart. There was a profound sorrow in his eyes as they rested upon Laura's crouching form, and his voice shook as he spoke the words which a few hours later he was to thank Heaven for putting into his heart.

"Tell her—tell her that I forgive!" he said hoarsely, as he opened the door and passed out into the soft twilight.

As the door closed after him Laura raised her head, uttering a heart-broken cry which made Stanley put her arms round her as she knelt.

"You heard," she said gently—"he has forgiven."

"But"—Laura's voice was so low that the whisper scarcely stirred the air—"he is gone—for ever!"

(To be Continued.)

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The Recamier, preparations are as follows: Recamier Cream, Recamier Balm, Recamier Lotion, Recamier Powder and Recamier Soap.

Recamier Cream (which is made both with and without glycerine) will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, blackheads, red spots or blotches, and all those imperfections of the skin which to a dainty woman are constant sources of misery and mortification, and to a man's imagination the outward signs of uncleanliness. The cream is not a cosmetic, but simply an emollient to be applied at night and washed off in the morning.

Miss Patti writes:—*I must repeat once more my belief there never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist.*

Recamier Balm is a beautifier pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, it is not a varnish liquid which marks you "falsely painted" as distinctly, even at several yards distance, as though the letters were branded across your brow. It is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial to the complexion, and would restore its texture and color even though it were used at night and removed in the morning, as the Cream should be.

Recamier Lotion, which has in it a proportion of the Almond meal so much talked of, called, through its wonderful success in removing freckles and moth patches, "Moth and Freckle Lotion," is perhaps the most marvellous in its results of any of the articles known as "Recamiers." It will remove Freckles and Moth Patches, is soothing and efficacious in any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after an hour spent in the street or traveling. It is a most desirable substitute for the Cologne and Waters which many ladies use for want of something better.

Recamier Powder is in three shades—white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured; the bolting cloth through which it is sifted is made of such finely woven silk that no other powder, French or American, will go through it. It is guaranteed free from bismuth, lead or arsenic, and should be used as well in the nursery as for the toilet of older persons. It is a delightful powder for gentlemen after shaving, and has the great advantage of staying on, and will not make the face shine.

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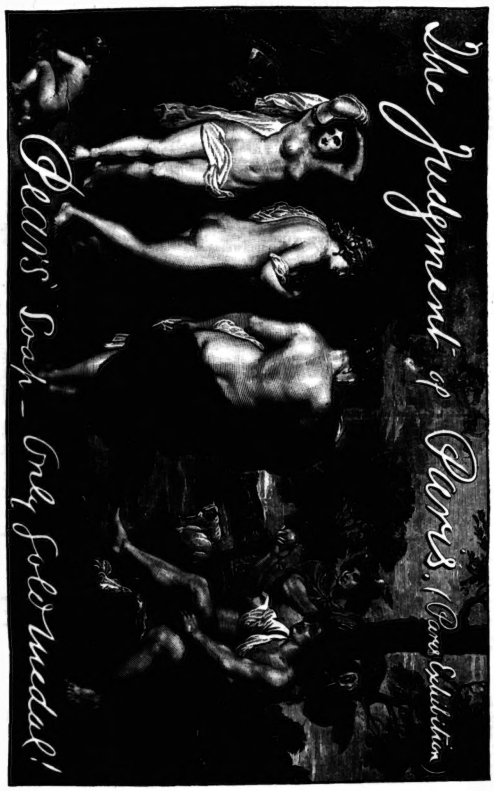

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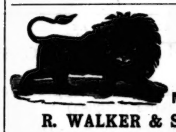

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A Week in Cuba.

(Continued from Page Two.)

away with heart so gay, etc. His crew consisted of one little Cuban who did more than half the work. The "bad nigger" evidently realized that I had been the marplot who prevented him from getting two dollars apiece, and his oars were continually slipping out of the water and drenching me with spray. I kicked. I do not speak Spanish with a Madrid accent, but I can call names in the sweet Castillian tongue with the best of them, and I called. The "bad nigger" refused to proceed unless I apologized, and I fired off the balance of my vocabulary and told him I would throw him overboard unless he got down to business. He did, and I got the benefit. Whole tubs full of water struck me under the chin and trickled down under my shirt bosom. The "bad nigger" laughed, the Cuban looked murderous, the balance of the party condoled with me and secretly roared. I had saved them the difference between a two-dollar trip and a forty-cent one, but that was forgotten. I wrapped a sail around me, and told Mr. Muymalo to do his derndest. I think he was aiming at my $1.25 Nassau straw hat, when he succeeded in hitting our New England lady in the off eye. Did I laugh? No; I knew better. I called the "evil nigger" more names, and his oars upheaved still greater volumes of water. Mr. Housum of Decatur, Illinois, got ten gallons in the shirt bosom, and the gentleman who carried three cushions was drenched in the third shot. I kept up a few running remarks, which resulted in everybody else getting just a little bit wetter than I did, and in spite of it all we got to the dock ahead of the other boat load. The boatman insisted upon knowing the hour at which we would be prepared to return. We gave up no money and no facts. We were going to return when we got ready! They would go home and go to bed. As interpreter for the party I advised that course, and stated—untruthfully again—that we had made arrangements to signal for one of the steamer's boats if our *peons* went back on us. The "bad nigger" glared at me and the boss of the other boat, he was evidently surprised to find me equal to the occasion. I had done business with the Africo-Spanish breed before and was frugal with the truth and copious in my abuse. He weakened.

After clambering up a high slimy dock we stood on Cuban soil. Five hacks, ten times worse than the worst night-hawks at the Union Station, stood in a row before us. The horses were able to stand but a sudden fright would have knocked them over. Every rib and eyeball glared out in bold relief in the melting sunlight of the tropical evening. "How much would they charge to take us around the town per hour!" "*Un peso y medio, senor—por uno.*" The *por uno* was sotto voce but I caught it and inquired whether the dollar and a half was for each one or for each hack. The answer was unintelligible so I offered half a dollar an hour per hack for as many as could climb in. The man to whom I made this offer shouted it to the balance, and they screamed with mirth at such an accurse'd proposal. Then the fourteen of us started to walk up town, and the hackmen dropped to three dollars per load per hour. We walked on. The dust was blowing a tornado of powdered offal into every face, the streets were filthy as a barn yard and as uneven as a stairway. "*Dos pesos, senor!*" cried the leader of the procession of villainous hacks which brought up our rear; I affected to hear him not, but I knew they were coming to their milk. Still we marched on, Dr. Rogers carrying little Aleck, perspiring freely and endeavoring to convince the disconsolate ladies who were with him that I was up to the proper caper in bargaining with Cubans. Meanwhile I was playing out, the off leg went on strike, and the nigh one refused to work alone. In desperation I turned to the hackman and enquired whether it was a dollar and a half per hour each or for all the hack would hold. He sullenly responded that it was for each load and thereupon we all embarked. A belated interpreter at this moment rushed alongside and offered his services in showing up the town at fifty cents per hour. I engaged him; he rode on the seat with the driver of our hack. At once our course was changed and the tour of Santiago de Cuba began. I move we adjourn for one week. Carried. DON.

Out of Town.

WINNIPEG.

In the vestry of the Congregational Church, Winnipeg, a small company gathered on March 19, to witness the marriage of Mr. H. T. Finch of the business staff of the *Free Press*, to Miss Eta Miller, formerly of Parkhill, Ont. The bride was prettily gowned in a traveling costume of fawn henrietta, while her bridesmaid, Miss Molly Ovens, wore peacock blue. The groomsman was Mr. L. W. Wolcves. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Finch, where a few pleasant hours were spent. Many gifts were presented by intimate friends and a handsome easy chair accompanied by a pleasant address was received from the staff of the *Free Press*.

Emma Abbott.

"Emma Abbott's versatility in the interpretation and impersonation of almost antipodal characters is nearly, perhaps quite, as remarkable as her vocal skill and her endurance of severest stage work," wrote a Southern critic not long ago. And so it is. We can hardly realize that the frenzied Lucia and coquettish Martha, the agonizing Leonora and naive Catarina, the impassioned Juliet and pigeon-toed Yum Yum, the heroic Elvira, or Norma and the pretty Arline, or pestilential Good Devil are one and the same Emma Abbott. But they are. Multiform in personage upon the stage, but in private life ever the same unpretentious, cordial and courteous Emma Abbott, a royal friend and charming entertainer. The repertoire for next week at the Grand Opera House presents Miss Abbott in a wide diversity of characters, and the entire casts with her. The operas are all of pleasing order and some of them of the first magnitude. Errani (Monday evening) heading the list. Of the company, as a whole, much has been said in praise all season across the border. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, careful and conservative, said, "The company is strong," and the *Times* also, adding, "The only drawback was that the orchestra was too strong for the theater." All next week the company will be seen to splendid advantage, and the operas are all said to be beautifully dressed. Miss Abbott will sing every evening, and at Saturday matinee appear in Martha.

Rapid Progress.

Dumpay—I say, Popinjay, doesn't young Prettyboy grow on you the more you see of him?

Popinjay—Well, yes, I suppose he does. The fact is, he is engaged to my daughter, and gets more than half his meals at my house now.

Whazzer Mazzer?

A Kansas City deacon shot six times at a supposed burglar trying to get in at the back door, and was astonished to hear the fellow call out; "Whazzer mazzer, dad? whazzer doing?"

Grand Opera House

NEXT WEEK

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WEDNESDAY MATINEE (75c., 50c., and 25c.), Planquette's Charming Opera, CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

Two Prime Donns and the Entire Company.

WEDNESDAY, 8 p.m., Balfe's Brilliant Opera, ROSE OF CASTILE.

EMMA ABBOTT and the Entire Company.

THURSDAY, Bellini's Heroic Opera, NORMA. NORMA.

EMMA ABBOTT and the Entire Company.

FRIDAY, Verdi's Grand Opera, IL TROVATORE.

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SATURDAY, ABBOTT MATINEE, Flotow's Beautiful Opera MARTHA. MARTHA.

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I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in-"vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft re-"press,"
(Re-pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."

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"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and our acquaintances lie about us all the rest of our lives.

How things change in this world. One of the fastest young men in town was once a messenger boy.

She—What shall we call our matrimonial partnership, George?
He—Let us call it Darling & Co.

He—Will you have some ice cream?
She—I don't care.
He (relieved)—All right, we won't have any.

It is a settled fact that few people can practice what they preach—and most men don't dare preach what they practice.

Thin Man—What's that hungry-looking dog following me for?
Insulting Boy—He thinks you are a bone, I suppose.

After the Concert—"Well, cook, and what did you think of it?"
"Lor, mum! She sung beautiful; just as if she was a gargling."

Bumptious old gent (in a directorial tone)—Ah, conductor—what are we—ah—waiting for?
Conductor (in unconcern)—Waiting for the train to go on, sir.

Mr. Sparrowgrass—Waiter, what is this?
Waiter—Welsh rabbit, sah; w'at yo' asked fo'.
Mr. Sparrowgrass—Well, I'll be dinged if I don't believe you raised your rabbits entirely on cheese.—*The Jury.*

First apprentice—I say, Fritz, my master tumbled down the stairs this evening with five bottles of beer and didn't break one of them!
Second ditto—Why, how did he manage it?
First ditto—You see, he'd got 'em inside!
The young man who forged his way to the front is now in prison.

A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out: "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence!"

"I'm dry," the bottle that was empty sighed. "I'm Extra Dry," the bottle that was full replied.

He (meditatively)—What makes that tall lady in blue look so unhappy?
She (carelessly)—Oh, she was disappointed in love.
He (interestedly)—Fellow went back on her?
She (sharply)—No; married her.

Another Excursion to Washington.

The Erie Railway have decided to run another excursion to Washington on April 8, via Erie and N. C. route, at the very low rate of $10, round trip, from Suspension Bridge to Washington, in order to accommodate every person. It is much cheaper to travel nowadays than to stay at home. Parties intending to take advantage of this exiremely low rate should secure their berths at once from S. J. Sharp, corner Wellington and Scott streets, Toronto.

Make the Most of It.

Make the most of the spring. It is a trial oftentimes. It makes heavy the heads of men and pains them in the small of their backs, but that is precisely because they neglect it, and take no pains to accommodate themselves to its requirements. For its spirit is exacting in proportion to its value. It is the season of moods, of introspection, forecasts; of waiting around for things to begin; of catching the gems of enterprises to be hatched during the summer and launched into activity when the energies recur in the fall. It is a season that men are too much inclined to crowd, and it avenges itself on them for their unwisdom. Do not hurry it! Give it time to work itself out in you! Dawdle a little! If you cannot get to the parks, saunter on the avenues, and stop long before the flower-shop windows. Go to meet the spring if you can.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

How It Would Have Affected Bill.

Some years ago, when pianos were not so numerous as at the present time, an Arkansaw man, a genuine character, who had been born and lived in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the Father of Waters when one of its largest and most magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolfskin cap and blue homespun trousers thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with massive brass rings and also several warts as large as nutmegs. Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain:

"Mornin', stranger. Pretty pert music hereabouts. Where might it be, stranger?"
"In the lower cabin, sir."
"Mought I take a look at the machine?"
"Certainly, sir; walk down."

The gentleman from Arkansaw needed no second invitation. He went down stairs into the cabin and, approaching the instrument, literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing and the man from Arkansaw was wrapped in silent wonder.

At length, when the sound ceased, he raised his cap respectfully and addressed the audience:

"Ladies, I am much obliged to you for the kindness you have done me. I never heerd one of them things before and never 'spect to again."

"You appeared to be very much pleased with it," observed a lady.

"Why, yes, madam, I am somewhat, and perhaps I should like it better if I had an ear for music like my brother. Yes, I like it well enough, but if my brother Bill could only hear that there thing, ladies, he'd tear his shirt and fall right thru' it!"

The ladies had the sense to laugh, played another piece, and then the Arkansaw man went on shore highly delighted.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

PRESTON—At Toronto, on March 25, Mrs. John Preston—a daughter.
RUBBRA—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. Alfred Rubbra—a daughter.
HERRIMAN—At Grand Forks, Dakota, on March 20, Mrs. A. H. Herriman—a daughter.
PHILLIPS—At Winnipeg, on March 23, Mrs. T. Graham Phillips—a daughter.
HAY—At Fort Erie, Ont., on March 30, Mrs. E. P Hay—a daughter.
PORTER—At Toronto, on April 1, Mrs. Edward Porter—a son.
DUNBAR—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. Fred A. T. Dunbar—a daughter.
MILLMAN—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. T. Millman—a son.
SWINTON—At Toronto, Mrs. James Swinton—a son.
GEARING—At Toronto, on March 9, Mrs. T. V. Gearing—a daughter.
PLATTEN—At Montclair, N.J., on March 24, Mrs. John W. Platten—a daughter.

Marriages.

ROS—FENWICK—At Toronto, on March 26, James Ross to Kate Fenwick.
LINDSAY—BROWN—At Toronto, on March 26, David Lindsay to Annie Brown.
HUDSON—DUNN—At Newcastle, on March 26, James Harvey Hudson, M.D., to Sophia R. Dunn.
MAILL—HURD—At Toronto, on March 26, John Magill to Prudence Hurd.
HEPBURN—LOCKWOOD—At Chapleau, on March 26, Walter Hepburn to Josephine Elizabeth Lockwood
ROMERIL—SHEWAN—At Toronto, on March 27, Edward P. Romeril to Agnes R. Shewan.

Deaths.

STEWART—At Everton, on April 2, John Stewart, aged 11 years.
BURCHART—At 14 Borden street, on March 27, Lois L'Ilian, infant daughter of Reuben and Annie Burchart, aged seventeen days.
McDOUGAL—At Toronto, on March 28, Mrs. D. J. McDougal, aged 35 years.
MILNE—At Nassagaweya, on March 29, Mrs. Matilda Scott Milne, aged 86 years.
HOGG—At Don, on March 28, Robert Hogg, aged 54 years.
SUCKLING—At Toronto, on March 29, Arthur Suckling.
ROBERTSON—At Montreal, on March 29, Andrew Robertson, age 1 62 years.
WILSON—At Toronto, on March 29, Robert Wilson, aged 69 years
JAMES—At Toronto, on March 29, Lillia Maud James, aged 6 years.
COPELAND—At Collingwood, on March 29, Mrs. W. A. Copeland, aged 57 years.
BRYANS—At Etobicoke, on March 30, William James Bryans, aged 32 years.
COOPER—At Toronto, on March 31, Mary Ethel Cooper, aged 9 years.
CRAMOND—At Toronto, on March 29, George Cramond, aged 50 years.
MARTIN—At Toronto, on March 31, Thompson Smith Martin, aged 40 years.
ROSS—At St. Joe's Island, on March 25, Mrs. John M. Ross.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on March 26, Robert L. Scott, aged 19 years.
EVANS—At Toronto, on March 27, James Evans, aged 82 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on April 1, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, aged 74 years.
SILVESTER—At Toronto, on April 1, James P. W. Silvester, aged 35 years.
GILMOUR—At Brockville, on April 1, Mrs. Nancy Gilmour, aged 64 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on March 27, Christiana Clark, aged 81 years.
HARTMAN—At Woodbridge, Ont., Silas Hartman, aged 43 years.
LOUTHOOD—At Toronto, on March 27, Mrs. Henrietta Louthood.
RALSTON—At Watertown, Mass., on March 28, Mrs. John Ralston, aged 30 years.
LANE—At Thornhill, on April 2, John Lane, aged 71 years.
MALLOCH—At Toronto, on April 2, Andrew Hill Malloch, aged 22 years.
DOUGLAS—At Toronto, on April 2, Mrs. D. G. Douglas.
PERLEY—At Ottawa, on April 1, William G. Perley, M.P., aged 60 years.
COYNE—At East Grimsby, on March 30, Samuel Coyne, aged 55 years.

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Fancy Broken Checks for Children's Wear, very new, at 22½c., worth 30c.

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Ladies' Long Handles, at 40c., 50c., 65c., 85c., $1.00.

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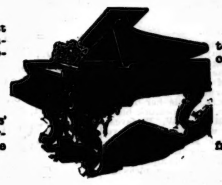

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